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ISSUE 20

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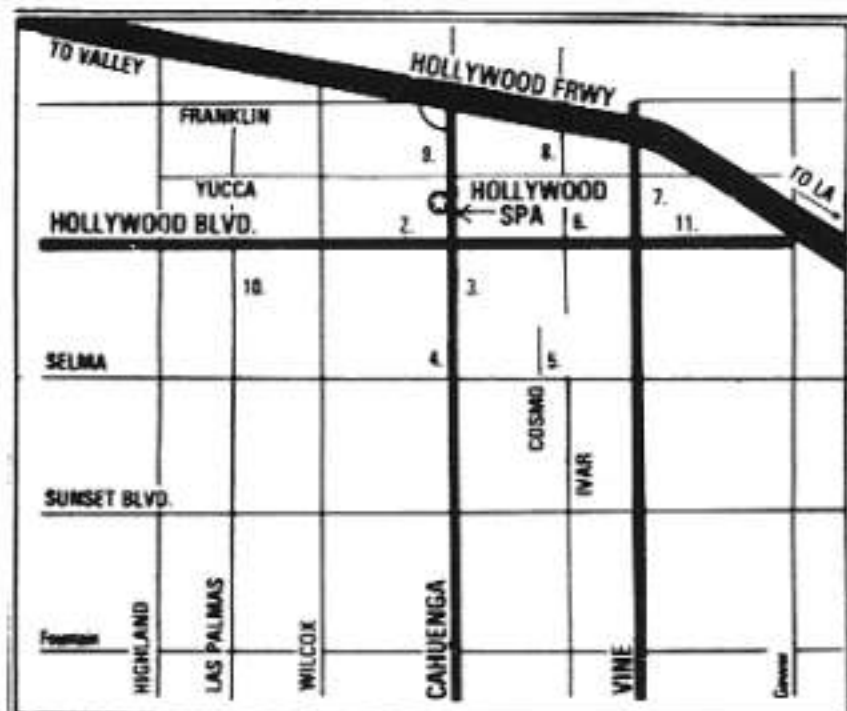
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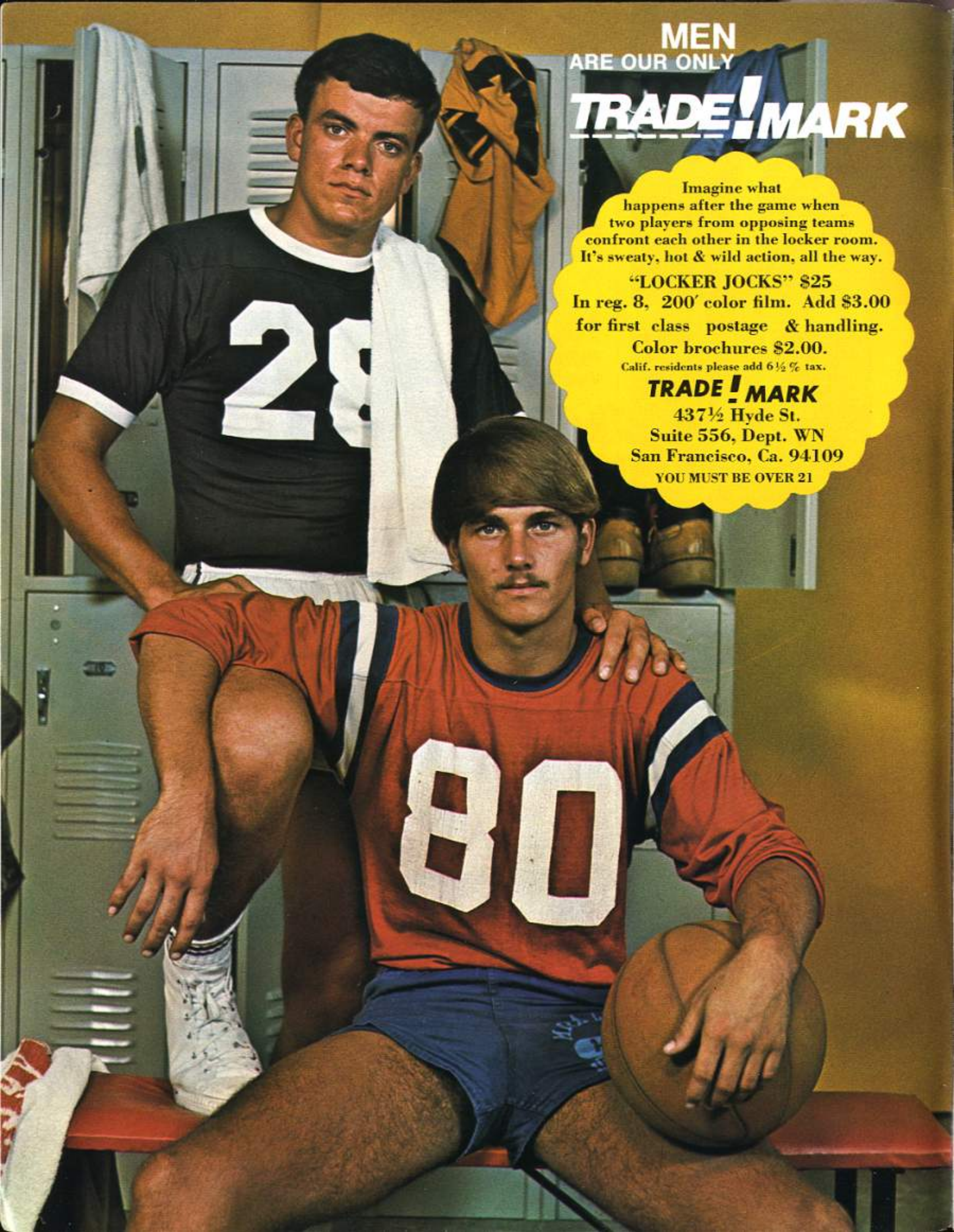
A sailor shares his tattoos

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A color photograph of two men in a locker room. One man is standing in the background wearing a black t-shirt with the number 28 and a white towel draped over his shoulder. The other man is sitting in the foreground wearing an orange t-shirt with the number 80 and blue shorts, holding a basketball. The background shows green lockers with various items hanging on them.

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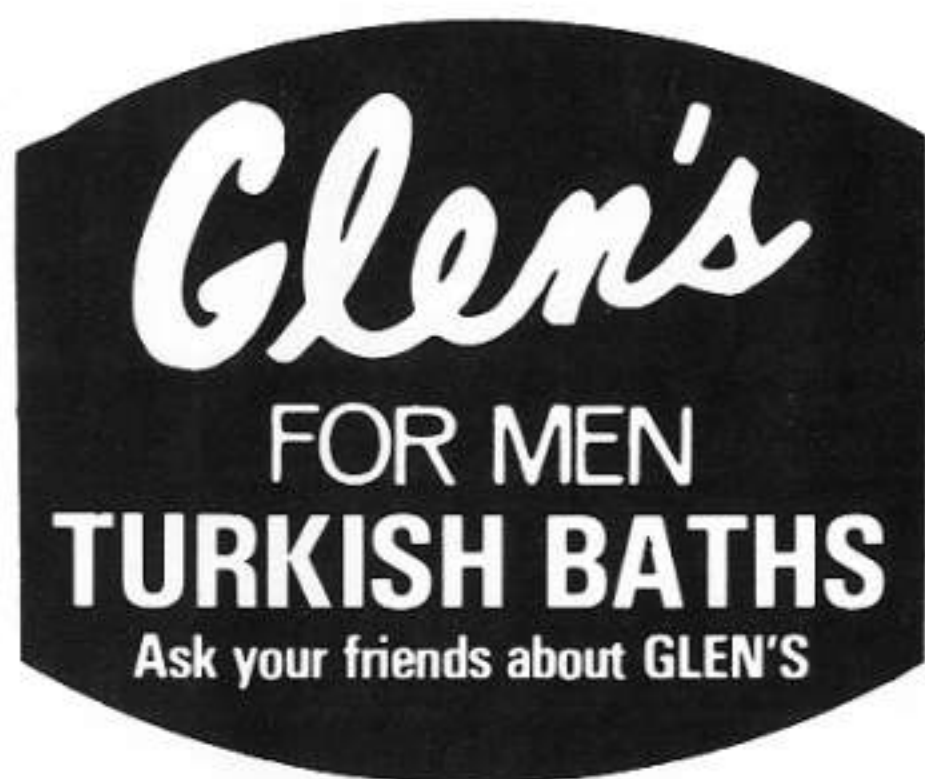


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# keeping In Touch



Dear Editor:

Your note to Terry Dieterle's letter concerning the current issue of IN TOUCH (No. 18) and its possible effects on him should more correctly have been addressed to me. Luckily I was sitting down when I took IN TOUCH out of its envelope, otherwise I might have had to call an ambulance after taking one look at Michael Delfino and your photo feature of him. Where on earth did you find such a beautiful person — it's not fair; I hate you all!

Anyway, thank you for going to so much trouble to put out a magazine which is both interesting to read and a visual delight. I hope that IN TOUCH will soon be able to revert to its monthly publication — two months are almost too long to wait between issues. Once again, thanks for sharing Michael Delfino with us — this is one issue I plan to save.

With best wishes,

Patrick M. Peel

Dear Patrick,

*The reaction to Michael Delfino was like yours in several of the letters we received. We're going to great lengths to get the kind of guys you and our other readers like to see. You might like to know we've seen Michael since, and he's been working out hard at the gym and looks twice as good now.*

Dear Sir:

Your Issue No. 18 just arrived yesterday, as always much to my delight, and it is surely the finest issue out. So much is new and entertaining. The Arts & Entertainment section is one of the best one would hope to find anywhere. And, of course, the section relating to Michael Delfino is nothing but SUPER. WOW what a body! And

beautifully photographed. (If HE were the Happy Hustler, he'd be a wealthy man in six months; even for someone who doesn't "pay for it," I'd pay whatever he asked!)

I.T. is simply a joy for any gay guy — especially one living in an area which still considers gays "queers," "perverts," and / or "sick people." I am proud to be gay (I was born in Virginia and have lived in Washington, D.C. FORTUNATELY, before taking a job here in Little Rock) and have had EVERY ONE of my own personal feelings supported and, often, acknowledged by your very fine magazine. You may well imagine how "down" one can get when you feel you cannot be truly yourself, often times because of the place in which you live. I.T. is one of my supports.

I.T. is an essential if the Gay Movement, as such, is going to "make it" and, more importantly, if so many other gays are to have a chance to be exposed to a healthy gay world around them. God help us if we begin to fall into that old "self-pity" syndrome. Keep goin' I.T.!!

Sincerely,

Bob Edwards

Dear Bob,

*If you think the Arts & Entertainment section is good now, you're in for a treat in future issues. Thanks for your encouragement.*

Dear Sir:

I am writing to tell you how much your magazine means to me. When I was 16 I first made it with a guy. I felt dirty and worthless. Luckily I had someone who I could talk to. He made me accept myself, but I still didn't feel good about being

gay.

The year that followed was bad. I left home, tried suicide and began to hustle. Then I read "Commemorating Stonewall" in Issue No. 18. I stopped cold in my tracks, took a good, long look at myself and began all over again.

Since then I've got a new job, stopped thinking of suicide and came out of the closet. I'm 17, gay and not ashamed to say it. I still have a few bad times, but nothing I can't handle thanks to you. Look out world, here I come!

Bill Cambron  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

There seems no need to tell you what a fine magazine you have or the feeling of pride you have instilled in your readers, numerous letters from others have adequately expressed my own feelings. I would like, however, to voice a complaint. Your latest Discoveries have been superb, but your interviews with them have degenerated into nothingness. I have never felt so frustrated and so disappointed as I have after picking up an issue of IN TOUCH and trudging through Tod Jonson's glorifying prose. One has the impression of listening to the London Symphony Orchestra being churned mercilessly through MUZAK. I don't know whether this is a result of editorial policy or not (no hard feelings, Tod) but Johnson's interviews captured nothing of the real personality of the Discoveries. Even a detailed description of the circumstances under which the interview was conducted or the writer's personal rapport with the Discovery would be a welcome relief to the usual assortment of "well liked by all," "no

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# COMMENTS

## *A Proud Anniversary*

**I**N TOUCH herewith takes festive note of a proud anniversary. Give us two candles for that many years of hard work, of occasional frustration, but of ultimately gratifying accomplishment — for our magazine and for the gay community generally. While we've worked to brighten our pages and to seek to provide ever more entertaining and more informative features for an expanding readership, we have watched the spirit of gay pride in America evolve from the frenetic stridency of the early 1970s to a new self-assurance and community spirit as gays step forward to claim their share in the Bicentennial commemorations.

We've come a long way since the fall of 1973 when the first issue of IN TOUCH arrived on newsstands and in mail boxes. A few people

back then asked whether there was a need for "another gay magazine." Today, with a vastly increased number of gay publications in the field, we think we have clearly established our place.

And the acceleration of progress in the gay community has been breathtaking. Minimal law reform (on the consenting-adults-in-private formula) has come now to a dozen states with a few of them now considering further legislation which is more truly deserving of being called a gay bill-of-rights. Gays have won a wide variety of employment-rights victories. Major politicians and now major advertisers court gay support. Gay churches, service agencies and publications have won increasing respect. The public media now represents us with a less biased eye. Gay rock stars, gay baths and now gay discos have

become "in" for large crowds of hetero swingers.

Goals which just two years ago seemed long, hard decades in the future now seem within our immediate grasp.

We've come a long way — IN TOUCH and the gay community — and we're just getting started . . .

### THE SMELL OF THE JOHNS

I recently spoke to the National Council of Christians and Jews' local Council on Community Relations with the Criminal Justice System, representing several Southern California police agencies, churches and minority groups. It was the Council's first run-through on the legal problems of Gays.

Los Angeles' hoof-in-mouth police chief Edward Davis, also invited to speak, had declined. Except for two silent observers he sent, the audience was responsive, but some officers felt I'd skirted what they saw as the chief law enforcement problem, that of gay males persistently putting the make on non-gay men in public urinals and parks.

## PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM FRENCH



## 1976 CALENDAR

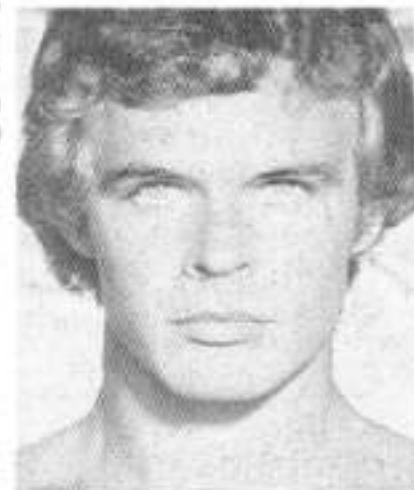
The most distinguished name in the field of male nude photography is, unquestionably, Jim French. Last year his first Calendar was an unqualified success (and is still being requested); incredibly, this new calendar is even better. Continuing with the highest standards set in his two, best-selling books, "MAN" and "ANOTHER MAN," the 1976 Calendar contains breath-taking photography, magnificent printing and introduces the all new laser full color system for dimensional sharpness. Popular models, Mark Edwards, Chris Dickerson, Jerry Mansfield and many others appear in this year's bounty of superb virility so send today for this deluxe collection. An excellent gift idea too! A Viva Book Society Selection.

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It was near useless to point out why heterosexuals rarely use toilets for pickups, given the segregation of such facilities and the use of half the world's social institutions, churches included, to facilitate hetero-romance. Almost equally useless to mention that most gays avoid such places like the Plague.

Puritan sex repressions bear strange fruit, and it is painfully clear that the lure of men relieving and often displaying themselves is irresistible bait for that minority of homosexuals who revel in the dangerous machismo and the pungent aroma of the johns, repugnant as these may be to most gays.

I mentioned that society has some responsibility for the fact that many persons even today can find no better places to make homosexual contacts. I also said that in those not-rare instances where tearoom cruisers take great care to insure that only apparently willing parties even observe their games, I did not see the matter as a very serious public offense.

From experience interviewing

hundreds of participants in tearoom (and gay bath) scenes, I argued that a majority of these persons seem not to regard themselves as homosexual or gay. A marriage license, a wife sitting at home, even a tricycle cosmetically left on the front lawn, announce that they are "licensed heterosexuals" — no matter that they give or get a dozen blowjobs a week.

The same social pressure which rigidly impels them to deny their gayness and to act out a hollow hetero marriage (at great psychic cost to wife and children — and to themselves) makes it unthinkable for them to have any kind of homosexual relationship other than the anonymous quickie, under conditions most likely to give public offense.

Police, when they listen to gay spokespersons at all, often expect us to demonstrate our social responsibility by "cleaning up" those areas of homosexual behavior which they regard as socially offensive. If we want acceptance, they say, "we" should stop cruising public johns and clean up those

streets and bars where hustlers hang out.

But the individuals they want us to police (and who made us policemen?) aren't responsive to any appeals we might make. They reject us as their advisers or spokespersons. Some of us might indeed think that the gay community would "look better" if all tearoom trade stopped once and for all — but most participants in that trade have, as Laud Humphries has said, donned a mantle of self-righteousness by basing their identity on their marriage certificates, not on their practice.

Our press and our organizations cannot reach them. Their rationalizations are Straight-jacketed by sexual repression which makes their behavior erratic and legally liable. Internalized homophobia led their signatures to swell the sheets of the recent Referendum which tried unsuccessfully to reverse Willie Brown's California law reform bill.

A few homosexuals, like a much greater percentage of heterosexual

(Please Turn To Page 87)

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## GUEST FORUM

# Bad Pulp From The Forties?

Dear Ms. Lotman,

I've just read your article, *Our Side of Reality: Special Report—New York*. (IN TOUCH Issue No. 18). While I'm not suggesting that you are not entitled to your opinions, I am suggesting that you don't set this up as being representative as the opinion of the gay community. I have my own opinions and they are light years away from yours.

In the first place, I'm just not too sure that you are qualified to do an article on T.V. I simply base this on the fact that you seem not to like the medium and, what's worse, know little or nothing about the hows or whys of it. All you do seem to be aware of is that — it is indeed a very strong force in communication. That no one would argue.

But . . . no one in their right mind would ever suggest that all we get on T.V. be pure reality. If that's your bag, then may I suggest that

you stick to the news programs, they can be boring but they do give the facts.

From what I could tell by reading your article — you objected to gays being shown as funny on comedies, sad on dramas, and as criminals on cop shows. Okay, now just what kind of alternatives do you have in mind? Do you really know? I think not. You did make some vague illusion to wanting us presented as "... real people ..." whatever that means?! If you mean the noble, head held high, strong myth . . . well, I'd like to tell you that I prefer my reality just a little more real than that. If indeed you do mean real, then you are going to have to retract some of your objections. The story on that dreadful series "Police Woman" was real . . . based on a real situation and a real incident. Understand that didn't make it acceptable to me . . . far from it . . . but it was

real. So much for that kind of reality! It's even worse if you are suggesting the cinema verte style (ala: "An American Family") with cameras set up and running to record the daily life of the average gay. That is, in a word, dull. To paraphrase an old Goldwynism, if I want to see the fairy next door, then I'll move to the Village or West Hollywood and go next door!

I am sure of one thing. You do seem to be underestimating the opinions of the creative people in the industry. Either that, or you simply don't understand the working mind of those people in the position to really help. It isn't enough to let them know when you object to something, although that should be done. We must let them know what we like as well. In my opinion no real strides can ever be made using that negative approach you've taken in your article. For example, did you or your organization mount

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a letter writing campaign to "M\*A\*S\*H" when they did the show on the gay soldier who wanted to return to his unit. That would have done as much or more good than most of the violent scenes that your group seems to be so famous for. Again, I am in sympathy and those protests do good but they, alone, are just not enough.

Some of your arguments I just didn't understand. I can only conclude that you didn't really see most of the shows you heaped so much damnation on, but relied on what you'd read or been told by friends. Take that fine, extremely well done show, "Police Story." It only took one call to the story department for me to find out that the story was *always* the way it appeared on the screen. There was never a drag queen killer. I'm afraid you have it confused (or maybe your source got the stories crossed). The plot you described was used on "Streets of San Francisco" in the famous show with John Davidson, whose sexual tastes on the show were ambiguous to say the least. As to having McGavin jump down Mike Cole's throat for every anti-gay remark, what was it

you were saying about reality? The crowning insult was the bitchy article that appeared in a famous national gay newspaper that vilified everyone connected with that show done by the gay hired to help. His story was that he couldn't get any changes — different from both yours and the writers, who say there were no requests for major rewriting and what was asked for was done. In my opinion the whole skirmish smells of "silly-queen" to me. This is an instance where a nice, "Thanks for calling on us, we want to help, call us again if you need us" was in order.

Some of the other shows you took such violent exception to, and I'm sure you didn't see, include: "Kojak." The word "three dollar bill" was only tossed off in an otherwise very pro-gay show. Kojak rescues a young, very openly gay guy from a group of hustlers that are ripping off their johns. What makes it doubly strange is that the string of offensive words on "All in the Family" seemed to slip right by you, "Fairy, Fag, Fagola, Fruit" and on and on. Far from being tossed off they were pushed strong and hard by Archie Bunker. I don't care

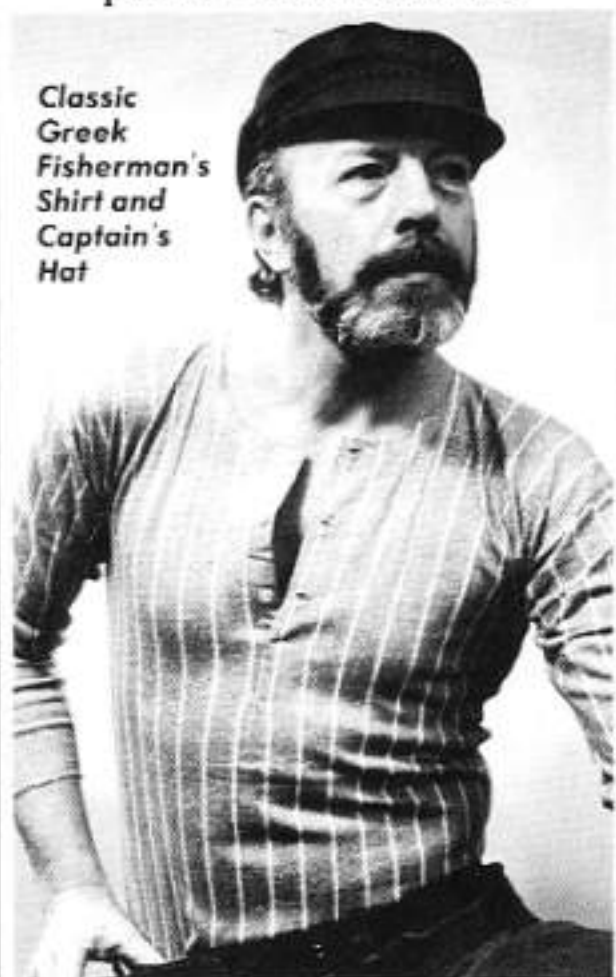
if the gay was a football player, you have to realize that most of the avid watchers of that show agree with all Archie does and says. It is both damaging and dangerous!

I think you should learn to proceed with caution, something to date that the Gay Media Task Force has mostly ignored. In a word, while trying to help, please make sure that you don't do more harm than good! Without your help that tired show, ready for the ash heap, "Marcus Welby, M.D." would have been cancelled. It got it's best rating of the year when The Task Force raised such a hubub about the anti-gay show. The show did, most assuredly deserve an attack, but alas, because of the free publicity, that dreary trash is back on the A.B.C. schedule for next year. Caution, too, is needed when you decide to hop hard on something like "That Certain Summer." When it first appeared, howls of protest were heard "... No affection ...". Now it seems there has been a total about-face. That is just confusing, at least it is to me and I'm sure that it is to the T.V. creators. It also causes me not

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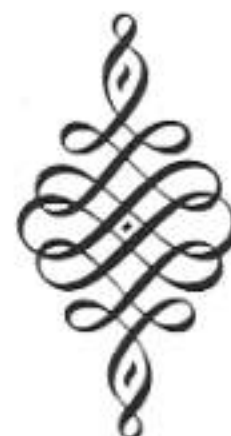
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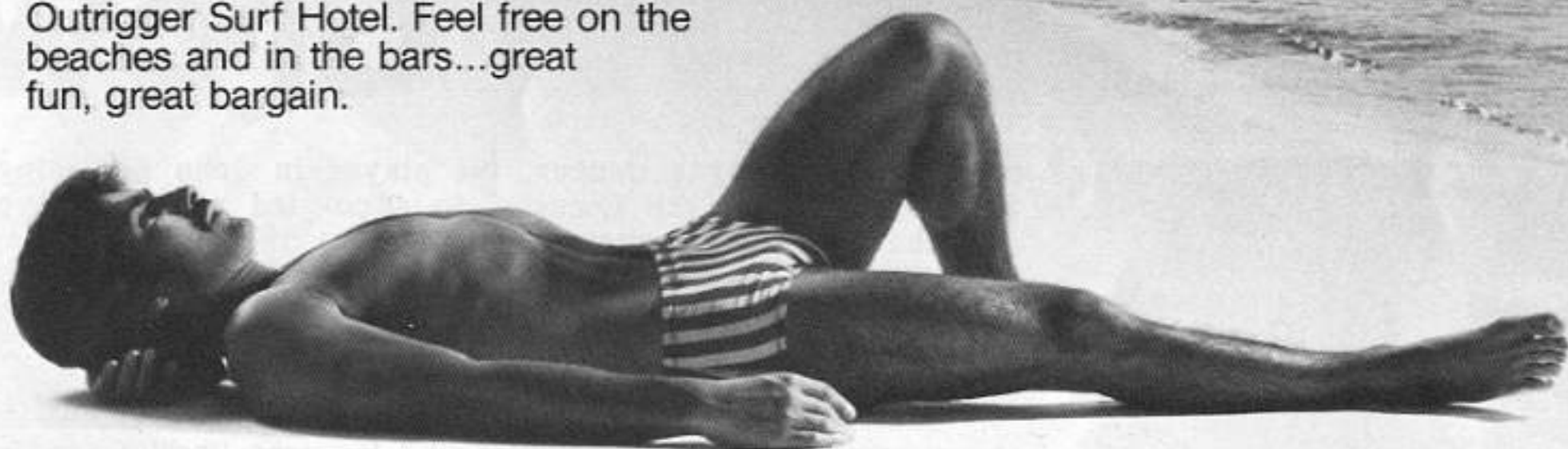


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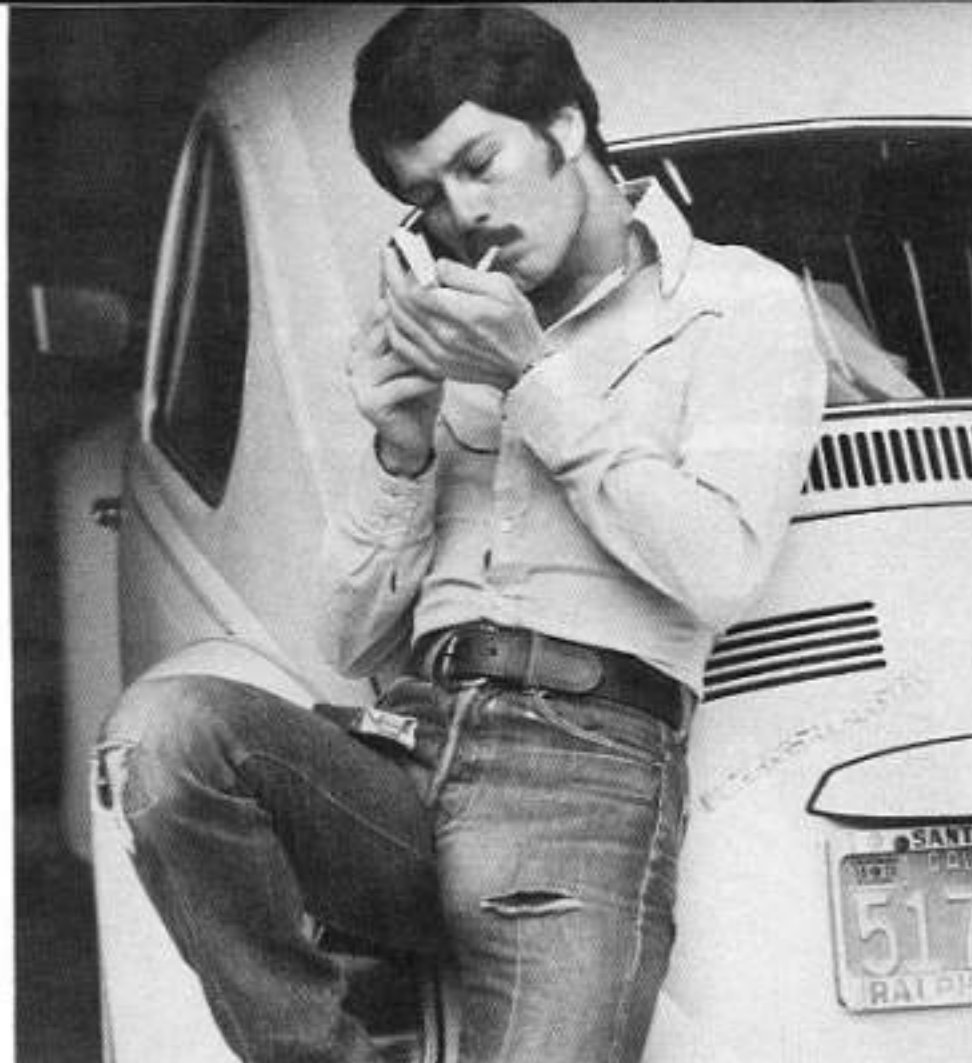
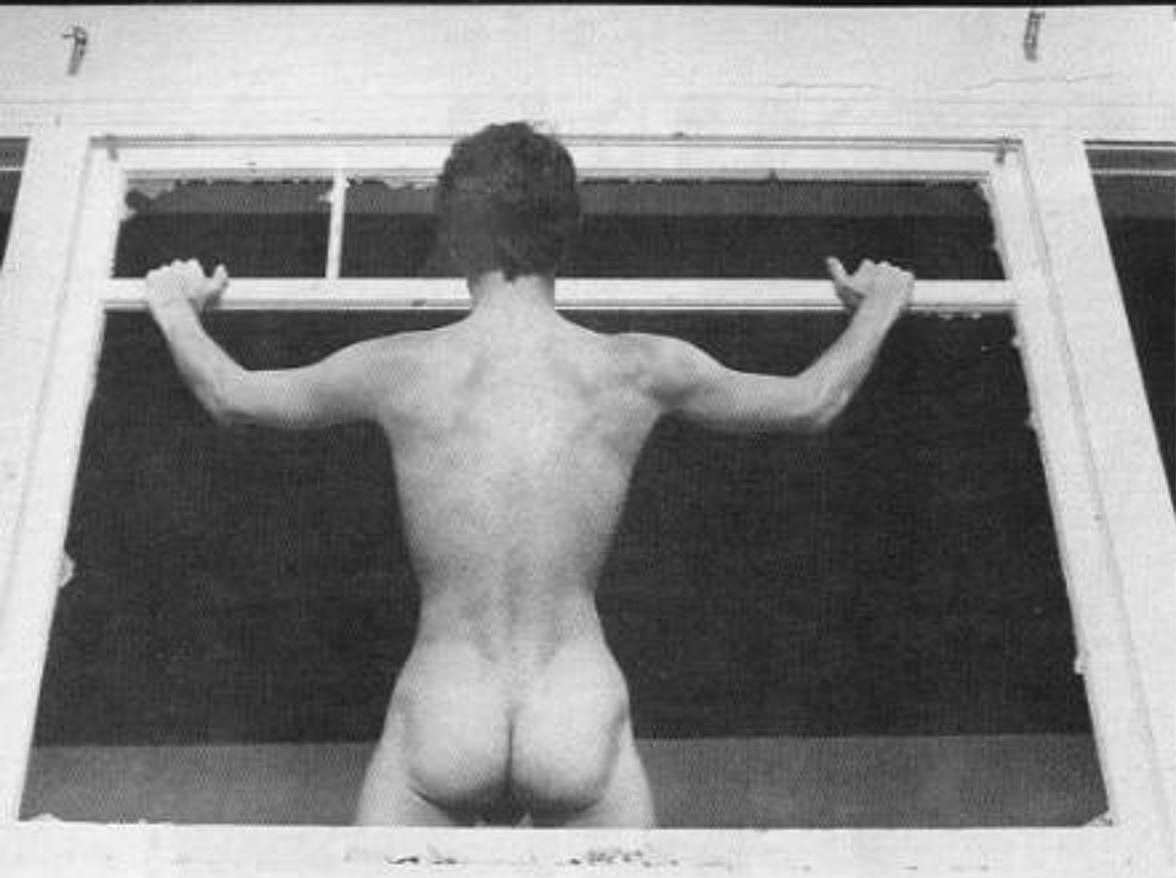
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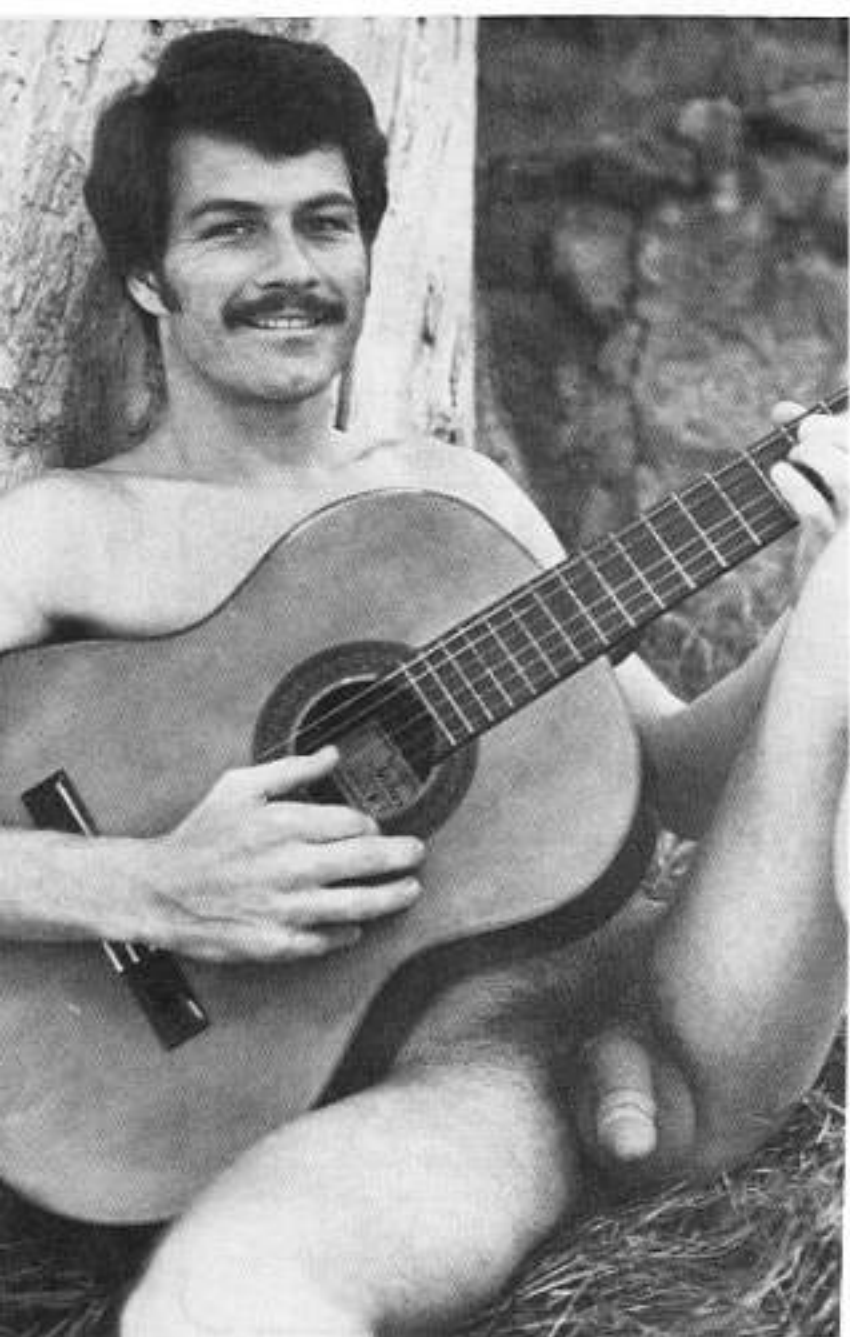
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# Watching JAY SHANNON Grow

Photography by HY CHASE



**F**rom Las Vegas dancer, bit player in John Schlesinger's "Day of the Locust," to a coveted role in one of the more controversial films due this decade; Jay Shannon has ridden the wave of hard work and quiet determination from sea to shore. It's all about "arriving," Jay will remind you, getting to the right place at the right time and dancing that old soft shoe for casting director after casting director.

"You have to really want it, to be an actor, to be able to give all the energy necessary to get anywhere at all," Jay sighs, "and that means all the nights of staying up late to catch someone else's performance then getting up early to test for a 'possible' role in a 'proposed' film."

"I feel, at times, like a lot of the characters in 'Day of the Locust,' coming to Hollywood in search of a dream-existence I'd always wanted. And there is that danger of being devoured by the dream, or being crushed by someone else on their way up. And you don't always know where up is . . . you can sense it, but sometimes it escapes you."

The answer according to Jay, lies in tackling each day and each possibility with honesty, sincerity and joy.

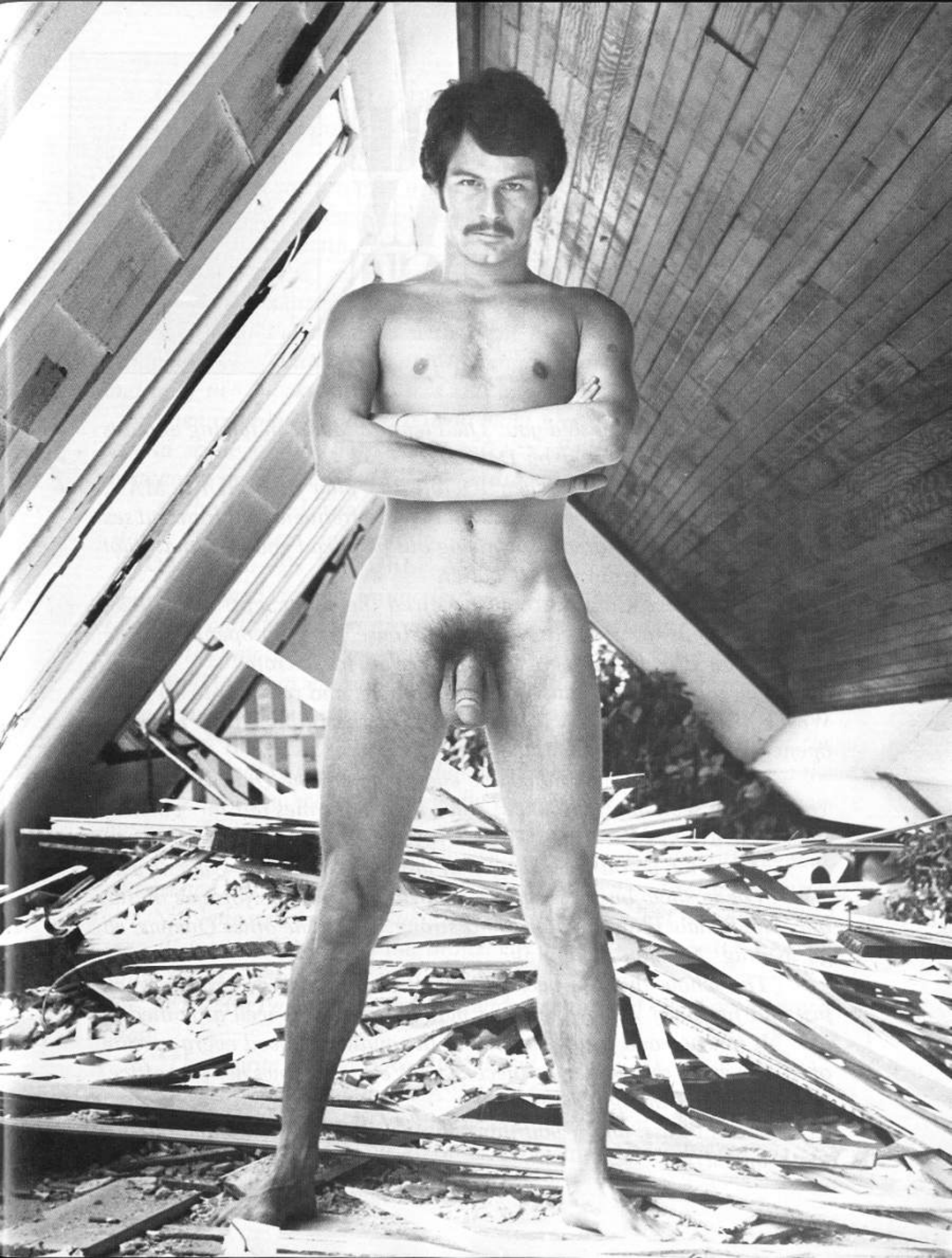
"Most of all, you have to joyfully believe in yourself. I mean you simply have to be positive about your craft and your head. When you get all that together; watch out world, you can really accomplish things."

He seems a paradox, this unspoiled child of the drug age who somehow missed the drug connection. Getting through it clean, celebrating himself, and deeply believing in his chosen profession are solid, yet almost passe traits.

"Being an actor, working at being an actor, acting . . . those are my 'highs.' Give me a script and keep the joint! I don't understand getting stoned and going before the camera. It's a simple case of how the hell can you get into character if you can't control your own?"

This is Jay Shannon. Watch him take a deeper breath. Watch him grow.







# MY PLEASURE In Touch Exclusive **MAN** by **MAE WEST**



*I hope I haven't misled you. The Pleasure Man I'm talking about is my latest book, published by Dell.*

*It all began in 1928 when I wrote the play PLEASURE MAN, about a handsome vaudeville headliner whose frequent and frenzied sex adventures brought him to a surprising but just dead end. No, that's not quite right. Dead front says it better.*

*Variety's Jack Conway coyly reviewed the show Sept. 17th, 1928, when I broke it in at the Bronx Opera House, prior to opening at the Biltmore on Broadway. Here's some of what Jack wrote:*

*"Oh, my dear, you must throw on a shawl and run over to see Mae West's PLEASURE MAN. Monday night at the Bronx Opera House it opened cold and was adorable.*

*"It's the queerest show you've ever seen. All the Queens are in it. You haven't seen anything like it since the gendarmes put the 'curse of the seven witches' on Mae's THE DRAG.*

*"Must give you a veinfull of that last act. One of the Queens who used to be in show business throws a party for all the performers on the bill. The female impersonators, four strong, and some other Queens, all go in drag. Are you screaming?"*

*"The whole thing is backstage stuff and surefire. Things happen fast and furiously. It has plenty of plot and drama as well as comedy.*

*"It ran two and a half hours, and the audience loved every minute of it! You and I should have a piece. The West girl knows her box-office, and this one is in right now.*

*"It can't miss, and if you think it can, hope you get henna in your tooth brush!"*



We opened October 1st, 1928, at the Biltmore with an advance sale of two hundred thousand dollars, which was enormous in those pre-inflation days.

The first night brought out a crowd of swells who paid \$10, \$20, and \$50 a seat, which was not uncommon for my plays. I've long been accused of writing with one eye on the script and one eye on the box-office.

The excitement the play had generated in the Bronx had saturated Broadway and theatre-goers with great expectations of seeing a sensational piece of entertainment. My name was up in lights as the author, and only two blocks away I was still appearing in *DIAMOND LIL*.

Then my play was dealt a body blow. On opening night before the second scene of the third act, *Les Fuzz*, flailing nightsticks, rushed onstage in droves and busted the entire show.

As the author I was the prime target, and it was a newspaper holiday. Headlines screamed: "MAE WEST—BAD GIRL OF BROADWAY—IN TROUBLE AGAIN."

I managed a court injunction against further police interference, reopened and drew even greater crowds. The next day, a Wednesday, before the matinee was over, the D.A.'s office got a Tammany-appointed judge to squash the injunction. The cops rushed back onstage for a repeat performance of their own. Busted again.

When finally the case came to trial, Nathan Burkan, one of the ablest attorneys in the country, defended me and my play. I won on the grounds the show was "not basically an immoral performance." I was vindicated.

But the long delay before the trial had taken the edge off the play, and we had refunded all the advance sales. I moved on to other projects.

Not long ago George Cukor told me he and Ethel Barrymore had seen *PLEASURE MAN* in the Bronx. "We never got over it," he said, adding, "You should present it now."

I told him I wouldn't want to spend the time and effort producing it again.

"Then write it as a book," he urged.

I took his advice, and *PLEASURE MAN* is now out as a novel. I'd tell you more of what the main character did and what others did to him, but *IN TOUCH* is after all a family magazine. — Isn't it? ☐







# remembering TAB HUNTER

John Roberts



**T**he years have furrowed into his tanned brow and deep crowsfeet frame his sparkling blue-green eyes, but otherwise he could easily remake most of the roles he played in his youth without makeup wizardry.

The muscles remain hard, the body still springs into action like that of a 20-year-old college boy when he rides or swims, and the toothpaste smile emerges often when he talks.

No one would ever guess that he is 44. Tab Hunter is middle-aged.

Tab — the boy-next-door to Natalie Wood and Debbie Reynolds — the idol of millions of bobby-soxers in the '50s — the most sought-after bachelor Hollywood ever produced — can now play the role of a father.

If there is one thing Tab Hunter does not talk about, it is the years. They are all the same to him. He feels no differently and time means nothing.

"My first picture was in 1949," he

recalls. Although it was only a bit part and break-through pictures came later, it is the only year he bothers to pinpoint. From then on, one year is the same as the next, and your guess is as good as his when it comes to placing films and places and years. "What difference does it make?"

But according to Hollywood standards, he could conceivably play the bachelor playboy for 20 more years. Consider Fred Astaire, David Niven and a more contemporary Rock Hudson.

But unlike all of them, who remain "stars" in the true sense of the word, Tab Hunter faded from the Hollywood spotlight. Not, we might add, by his own choosing.

"I'm still here," he'll say slightly

defiantly and claims he doesn't have an easy answer as to just why he faded from the list of top boxoffice draws. Time marched on and the film industry changed with it.

What did change is the system that created Tab Hunter and Rock Hudson and Marilyn Monroe and others . . . the star-maker system, in which the giant studios and their mammoth publicity factories turned their stars' names into household words.

It was the system which Hunter rebelled against in the '50s. He wanted out of a contract at Warner Bros. and finally had to buy his way out for \$100,000.

"I would sit around for months collecting weekly paychecks, but doing nothing." An ideal situation for most, but Hunter wanted to work at his craft.

And work he did, but the parts became few and far between. So he went back to the stage, where he had always been really happiest ("I love the audience"), and played in



theatres in just about every part of the country. Summer stock year 'round.

Inevitably Europe beckoned, as it has to lots of actors and actresses with lagging careers in Hollywood, and he worked for five years in foreign pictures.

Finally back in Hollywood, he found work again. "Hacksaw," a Disney two-parter for TV, "The Sweet Kill," a B picture which died on the vine, and more importantly a cameo for John Huston in "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

This was in 1971, when Hunter was even beginning to believe the rumors that it might be the beginning of a new era for him in Hollywood. No one would have been more pleased at the prospect of work.

He certainly worked in his heyday. Some 40 pictures. And God knows how many plays. And television shows. And recordings.

And recordings? Yes — Tab Hunter — the singer! And no feeble attempt at it, either. A couple well-selling albums and a hit single called "Young Love," a syrupy sentimental tune about puppy love which sold a million and a half copies. The gold record hangs in his home today.

But he's best known for the films he made. Throughout the '50s and early '60s he got top billing along with such stars as Gary Cooper, Rita Hayworth, John Wayne, Sophia Loren, Van Heflin and Lana Turner.

And he was directed by some of the top talents in the industry — Visconti, Tony Richardson, Arthur Penn, Sidney Lumet, John Frankenheimer and George Schaeffer.

And consider the actors who once "supported" him in films. James Garner, Clint Eastwood, David Jansen, and comedian Alan King.

Fan magazines panted for a story about his personal life. The studio sent out his autographed pictures by the mailbags full. Newspapers tried to expose his private life, and did a pretty good job of it.

A story about his dog put him into the headlines. He had been accused by a neighbor of beating his dog from morning 'til night, but the Glendale court acquitted him of the charges. "You never read about the acquittals," he says, "They put them in the back with the obituaries." The bad publicity didn't help his career and he still is not amused by the incident.



With Linda Darnell, "Saturday Island," 1952.



In "The Girl He Left Behind," 1956.



"Damn Yankees" with Gwen Verdon, 1958.



"Lafayette Escadrille," 1958.



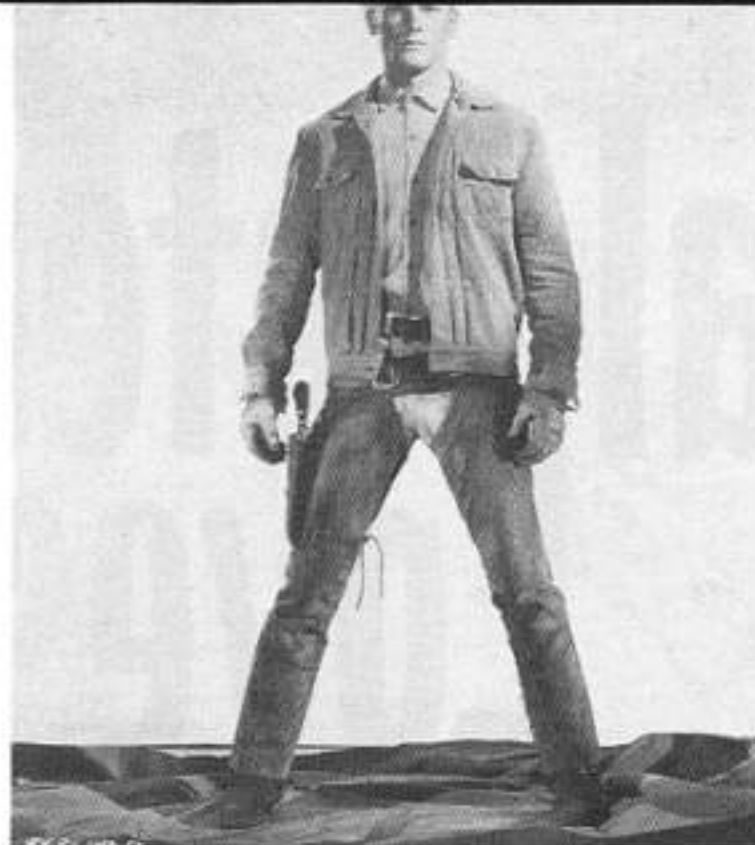
Disney's "Hacksaw," 1971.



"The Life And Times of Judge Roy Bean."







"Gunman's Walk," 1958.



With Sophia Loren, "That Kind of Woman," 1959.



Tab Hunter today.

He is an avid animal lover — and still has a dog and two horses.

His rise to fame happened as quickly as his disappearance from the screen. In his second picture, "Island of Desire," in which he played a Marine shipwrecked on a tropical island with Linda Darnell, he skyrocketed to fame. Audiences, male and female alike, were drawn to his boyish blond good looks, coupled with quite a physique.

After that he was in a lot of memorable pictures — most often cast as a serviceman, cowboy, playboy, or boy-next-door. "I got very tired of the 'Dad, can I borrow the car?' pictures," he says.

There was "They Came To Cordura," with Cooper and Hayworth; "The Pleasure of His Company," with Astaire and Debbie Reynolds; "That Kind of Woman," with Sophia Loren, and "Damn Yankees," with Gwen Verdon, to name only a few.

He even had his own television series, although short-lived, playing the part he became most associated with — the playboy bachelor. Was it called "The Bachelor?" No, he says quickly, "The Tab Hunter Show." But it died in the ratings war opposite Ed Sullivan. "No one wins ratings competition against trained seals."

Then there were countless guest spots on other television shows, but it was an appearance on the old "Playhouse 90" which quieted the critics who claimed his talent was all good looks. For the performance, he earned an Emmy nomination.

If he looked most at home on a horse, it was no doubt because other than acting, his greatest love is horses. He is well known in equestrian circles, used to have a ranch in Oregon, and still rides in lots of horse shows.

As actors go, he is extremely modest and totally honest about practically everything. Maybe that's why he rebelled against the system that helped make him a star. Even today he does not have a publicist.

But the legend goes on. Though his acting is done mostly in theatres around the country, his name is still recognizable to most anyone who knows anything about Hollywood.

He's still the same Tab Hunter. And in the unpredictable world of show business, his next ride on the roller coaster may be even bigger than the first.



# Neal Peters Loves ANN-MARGRET

**"I** feel like I was born to entertain" said Ann-Margret, and thank God for that. Who would have thought that Ann-Margret would be the saving grace of the '70s. I for one would have . . . I still say she was the saving grace of the '60s. That's when I fell in love with her — "My heart beats like a hammer and I st-stutter and I st-stammer everytime I see you at the picture show." That's at least how I felt when Ann-Margret flashed up on the screen in the coming attractions of "Bye, Bye, Birdie." It was Bye, Bye, Neal in '63. I was ten years old and already my life had changed. For the next 12 years I grew up following Ann-Margret and her movies almost religiously, if not fan-atically. Now I am putting this all together in Ann-Margret's, authorized, pictorial biography, with text, entitled "Neal Peters Loves Ann-Margret."

In some situations people have admired performers only to be disillusioned when and if they actually met them. Not so in this case. Ann-Margret has certainly lived up to any expectations I might have had. So much so, that after I flew down to Las Vegas to surprise her, and be with her for New Year's Eve '75, staying 4 days, seeing 8 shows, 2 a night and New Year's from back stage, I continued on to L.A. where I was promised a private screening of the "Ann-Margret Olsson T.V. Special" at Ann-Margret and Roger

Smith's home. It was wonderful. Anyway I ended my trip in a downtown tattoo parlor having Ann-Margret's autograph tattooed on my arm.

"Neal, you crazy nut, didn't that hurt?" she says with those beautiful green eyes intensely aimed at my left arm. It's the first time she's seen it, and thinking it might still hurt she gently touches it. We're at rehearsals for the 1975 "Grammy Awards" in New York City's Uris Theatre, where she is to present the award for the "Best Cast Album from a Broadway Show." The dance steps, to read the nominees, are H-O-T material choreographed by Ron Lewis and moved to by Ann-Margret as nobody else can. She keeps referring to them as "mean steps" and tells me "I haven't done steps like these since "Viva Las Vegas!" To watch her work is to know where she's coming from . . . Born to Entertain. She rehearsed with two male dancers and Ron Lewis in the lobby, while waiting for the crew to set up the stage. It was give an audience the very best or why bother. That was why she was doing it. So the audience would be entertained, so they'd smile and be pleased and therefor Ann-Margret would have accomplished her job. An Enter-

Excerpts from the up-coming book "Neal Peters Loves Ann-Margret."

tainer.

"I love entertaining people. I love to see people having a good time. I always have since I was like 4 years old, when I'd perform for my relatives and friends. I would see them smiling and laughing and enjoying themselves and that made me happy. It still does, and I continue to perform to do just that." She looked beautiful, again as only Ann-Margret could, poured into a pair of bluejeans. We sat there in the middle of an empty theatre talking. I gave her a little yellow plastic motorcycle that made her smile (Ann-Margret has often been known to be wild for real motorcycles and they still appear in her nightclub act). Sitting there she was approached by two gentlemen from a radio station in Nashville, Tenn., who were covering the "Grammy Awards," and asked if she would consent to do an interview with them in the lobby. She thought about it for a while and said, "Yes." At which point I said, "Want someone by your side?" She replied, "Yes, Thank you," and we started for the lobby. Besides loving the fact of being present when she gave the interview, I was going because it was the most proper thing to do. A natural instinct to want to protect her from any unnecessary questions. I didn't know what was considered "unnecessary" but I was sure I

(Please Turn To Page 66)





*"Quanta ha Gusta", age 7*



*Glamour, London 1974*



*Vietnam, 1968*



*Las Vegas, 1974*



*Neal Peters and the Star*



*"Heat Wave"*



*"Carnal Knowledge"*



*Pure Electricity*



*as Tommy's mother*





photo by Hugh Harrison

# ROBERT BURTON

## he's "skip" no more

By HUGH HARRISON

**A**ctor Skip Burton is dead. That gee-whizzing young kid, late of the "Lassie" TV series, passed away sometime during the run of "House Of Blue Leaves" at the Huntington Hartford Theater in Los Angeles. His spirit is still very much alive and well, though, living in the form of an exciting young talent, very much on view in a number of demanding young character roles. The vital young talent that phoenix-

ed from the ashes of Skip Burton is now called Robert Burton. Let's make that Robert Burton—Actor!

There aren't really too many young actors who would be willing to eagerly let anyone conduct an interview in their own homes. That part of a public person seems to be held, and rightly so, in fierce protective custody from the glare of fans and the press alike. This definitely is not the case with young Burton. I suspect that this comes

not just from his poor background. ("My mother watered the milk. I never understood that then . . . I even resented it. No longer . . . I don't just understand now *that* she did it, but *why* she did it.") but more from his open and very healthy respect for fans.

He is aware that he is a public person and knows full well that much of him must be shared with his public. It amazed me that he had so few "this is not for



publication's." Most other stars have a long, involved list of those dare-nots.

When I arrived at his home, I was greeted by a yapping dog that resembled an angry weiner. That brought Robert bounding to the door before I even had a chance to ring. He gave the pup an affectionate, good-natured roughhousing and let me in.

His house says far more about him than his own words could ever convey. It isn't new . . . probably from his healthy respect for money . . . but has a warm, very, very real, loved-in look. It is almost as if each piece were either hand-picked by him or perhaps even hand-made, personally by Robert. As it turned out, I was right, in both instances. Everything has been taken down to natural wood tones, dark, warm, brown and glowing . . . all hand-done by Robert himself. The prize piece is a huge, rough, wooden table that he totally made from scratch.

There is something far more important than all that, though. The entire house is absolutely alive. It is pervaded with the kinetic energy of constant creativity. It hums out

of the walls at you and catches you up in its electric presence. It is the perfect setting for the industrious, talented Burton.

Everywhere you look there is a project in the works. His work on his house, redoing it all, is a constant thing. He also exercises daily, to keep his tall, trim physique in top form. He's converted the garage behind his home into a constantly busy workshop, tends a garden complete with roses, has two cats in addition to the dog, cares for a whole houseful of healthy plants. In addition, he's just taken up writing . . . currently working on a screenplay about his growing up . . . just in case he gets bored. Then, too, he still manages to pursue his very active career.

Anyone coming in on all this would ordinarily expect to find a hyper, constantly moving person. It just isn't true. Robert Burton is open, easy and loose. He draped his huge frame . . . around six feet-two but appearing to be at least seven feet . . . over a chair, laughed and relaxed completely. I couldn't help asking if his size had ever caused him any trouble. A wicked gleam lit up in his eyes.

"Just how do you mean that?" After I recovered, he chuckled and went on to explain that it had, in a few ways, hurt him being that tall but that it did have its advantages too.

I asked a couple more questions . . . the regular, interview kind . . . and he responded, direct and straightforwardly. It was all a bit scary. Like being caught in some brilliant, blinding light of truth. He didn't hold back a thing. I could only sit dumbfounded and listen, all the while wondering what this kind of direct, honest reality would do to the run-of-the-mill, toney-phonies that this town is crawling with. I quickly decided to fold the paper with the remainder of the questions I'd jotted down, and, instead, just listen. I'm very glad I did.

Robert took me through the stages of his career with all the thrilling twists of a top grade storyteller. He painted stunning realistic visual pictures with a few well chosen words that most mere actors would be incapable of saying, let alone living. After those lean, hungry years (his parents were divorced when he was eight),

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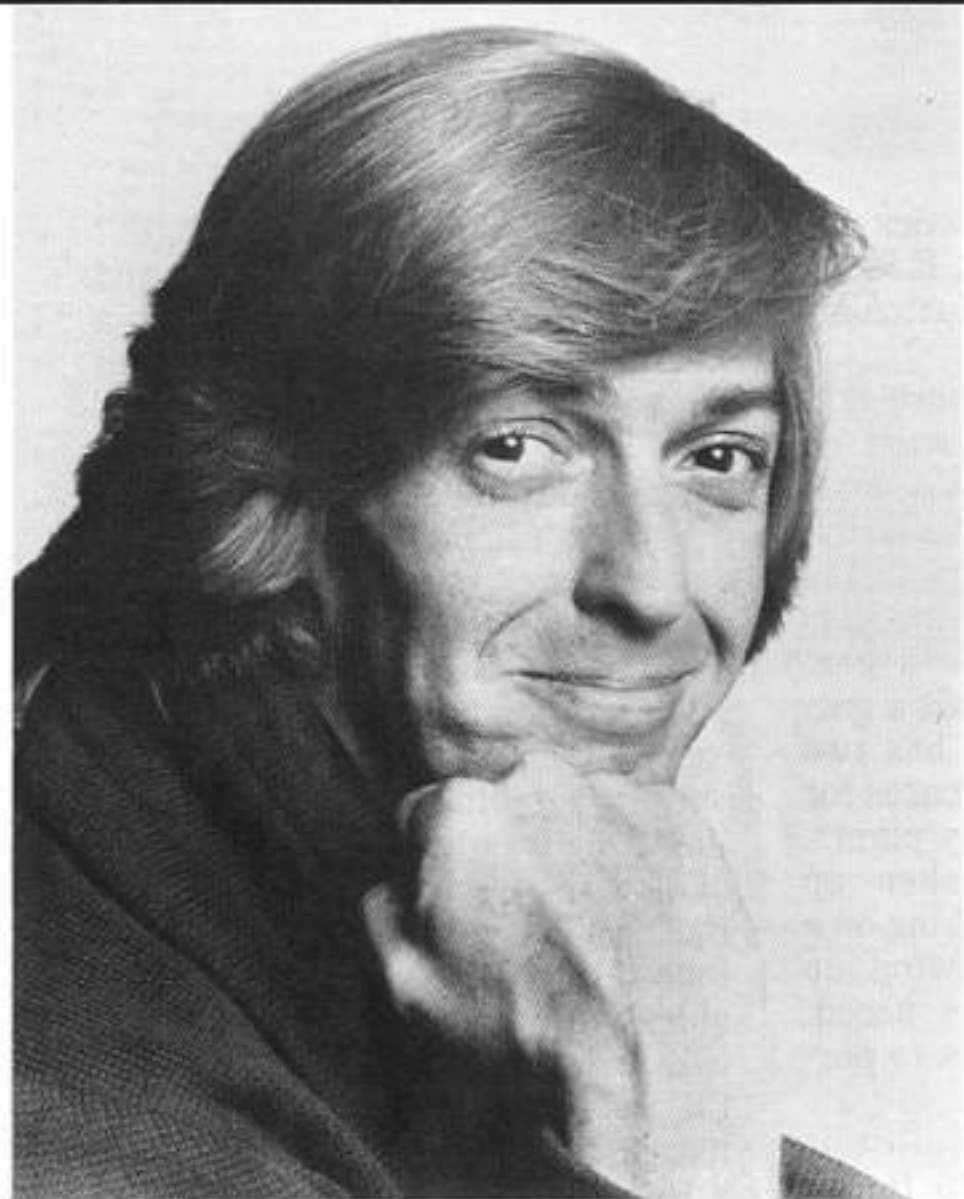


"Skip" Burton (upper right) played a student in the TV series "Lassie." With him are Larry Wilcox, Pamela Ferdin (lower left) and Joan Freeman. Lassie needs no identification.



One of the last appearances of "Skip" during the Los Angeles run of "The House of Blue Leaves" in which the real Robert Burton began to emerge.





# MICHAEL GREER

## THE PERFECT PAGLIACCI

By JEREMY HUGHES

Cliches become cliches because of the kernel of truth they contain, and actor - singer - writer - impressionist - comic Michael Greer is the embodiment of one of the most venerable of showbiz cliches: the Pagliacci figure. As such, he worries a lot. "Am I too diversified? Am I confusing everybody? They want so obviously to keep me in a rut — 'Be campy, Michael.' And yet I have people who like me as an actor, people who like me as a singer, people who like me as a queen, people who like me as myself. And I'm aware of all their tastes, so I try to give them all a little bit of something. But it tears at me, man, again and again!"

This sensitivity to others, this consideration, was apparent from the moment he arrived for the interview. Anticipating a lengthy ses-

sion, he had brought along an extra pack of non-menthol True cigarettes, and a fresh matchbook from San Francisco's Cabaret, where he had recently performed. He was enough at ease to empty our ashtray out in the kitchen, and to freshen his own scotch and soda in a most natural and friendly manner. He was articulate rather than glib; thoughtful rather than brash.

Straight off, I asked him to define himself. His immediate response was a whispered "Jesus." Then, after a pause, "I don't know what I can really say, because I'm still working on that. Many times I can see people, peripherally, looking at me, and I know they're speculating 'Is that Michael Greer?' Because I'm taller than they think (6' 4") — which is sometimes an asset but most of the time a pain in the ass,

because it makes it impossible to sneak in and out of anyplace, and there are many nights I'd like to go out and just be a civilian. For fun.

"But they'll come over and say 'Are you Michael Greer?' And I find I reply 'Sometimes.' Which makes sense to me and usually makes sense to them if they think about it. Because first of all 'Michael Greer' is a kind of created person. He's everything I always thought I wanted to be, or needed to be. And he's the one that goes on the stage. He does all the razzmatazz. 'Michael Greer' never worries about anything when he's onstage. Offstage, I worry twice — for both characters."

He considers his faith in people his most positive quality, but fights constantly against a growing cynicism. "I really don't want to give up on people, or myself. But in



this industry, and this town, and various night clubs and spots across the country, we've had so many variations of the same theme dumped on us, played on us, bad checks, you know. It's been a whopping experience, and I suppose it makes my work stronger, because out of that pain comes the Scarlett O'Hara syndrome of 'God is my witness.' But I get heartsick sometimes with how cruel some of us can be!"

Carl Sandburg's birthplace, Galesburg, Illinois, was also where Michael Greer was born, to a family of "charming rogues and rebels." His late mother, who was his closest friend and inspiration, was only 15 at the time. In the process of seeing both parents married three different times, Michael spent a good many of his formative years with a variety of relatives, but almost always in a strongly Irish-Catholic atmosphere. "What I like least about myself are those inherited guilts about everything, about myself, about my identity."

But he was always certain of one thing: "It must have been while I was in the third grade, 7 or 8 I guess, and I had been farmed out with an aunt and uncle, and I had this fight with my uncle, and I screamed 'You just wait and see, someday I'll win the Academy Award!' And he, in turn, no slouch in the humor department, shouted up the stairs, 'If you ever win the Goddam Academy Award, I'll eat my dirty socks!' Whereupon my Aunt Dorothy, who was fabulous, got a pair of his dirty socks and put them away, and they have been in a plastic bag ever since."

"And I still would like very much to win the Academy Award, because of the opportunity to say 'thank you.' And I don't mean that in the sticky way it sounds. I mean that magic moment when 65 million people quiet down to hear you reply to having won. That is one of the most exciting moments of power in the world. You can denounce the government, hooray for the Indians. You can also say, 'On behalf of my gay brothers and sisters, I thank you.' That would certainly blow a few minds!"

He brushes a lock of sandy hair out of his eyes with great long

fingers as we share a marvelous laugh. Then I approach the subject of his sexuality, for which he had been prepared, and the very dark eyes grow serious. "I didn't know I was homosexual until I was 16, and when I was 28 I became bisexual, and have enjoyed active relations with both sexes ever since. I'm engaged to be married now, and, as I sometimes say in my act, 'I'm engaged to a beautiful girl, and my lover doesn't mind.'"

"I held back for years alluding to anything sexual in the act, and yet I thought 'You're kidding yourself, Michael, because this has been your way in, through gay audiences, gay people who've understood you, and you've understood them, and you've laughed together until your career built and built and built. I have always said, and I really do mean it, that as far as being any kind of a sexual anything, I sleep with people. I'll go to bed with a 75-year-old man or an enormously fat woman, if it's nothing more than therapy. I get in trouble like that, though, being a performer. Any performer does. People attach themselves to you, for a variety of reasons. Not the least being their own loneliness.'"

Stirring his drink ruminatively, staring down at his size 12 desert boots, he deals with the ever-present problem of labels. "I've always resented being labeled as just 'a funny queen.' Number one, I'm a man. I'm a human being, and sensitive, **God knows!** And there's a difference between a funny queen and a professional performer. Well, I went through all that, and I've finally gotten straightened out in my head, and now I respect myself more, and believe in myself more. But I still fight it, man. I still backslide. Any little disappointment can rock me and send me back, and I have to claw to get back to healthy!"

"Because I can fall into the trap of finding myself staying home, days and nights, for weeks. Or, if I'm on the road, not going outside the hotel. Although now we've learned to travel with a little 'home kit.' 'We' refers to my pianist and musical director, Ken Richardson, and my road manager, Bobby Von Platz. But I'm still very frustrated as a performer, because I want to be understood."

"I've spent my life wanting to be accepted, which is, of course, an obvious need for most performers. And also for gay people, who have, of necessity, more often than not gone into the arts. I don't mean everybody in show business is gay, but they're usually tolerant, because their own scramble is so severe and heavy that they have sympathy and empathy for every lifestyle. It's all fear, man. Bigotry and prejudice is all based upon fear."

In our intimate one-to-one contact, there is something unexpectedly sensual about this big guy, about the gold-plated beer can tab on a long gold chain, bouncing against a hairless chest, the two antique gold rings on his left ring finger ("My grandparent's, a man's and a woman's. They've just been friends on my finger. I never take them off.").

Is he a gay crusader? "I can't say that I'm crusading, actively, for myself or for my own. And yet I am. When I'm needed, I'll do it. But I don't care to ride down the street, down Hollywood Boulevard with guys in prom dresses with beards showing, behind a 20-foot phallus. That has no dignity to it at all. I believe in dignity. Period. At all costs. On any level."

There is no need for anything more to be said. Just a final warm embrace, and he is gone. ●



Photo by Hy Chase



## new york's "WIZ"

by VITO RUSSO

**I**n the playbill for the Broadway smash "The Wiz," it says that Andre DeShields who plays the title role, is from Mars. What it does not say is that he is really from Mars. It should. Since coming to New York a very few years ago with the Organic Theater Company's Production of "WARP," a three part science fiction play which closed soon after Part One went on view, he has managed to capture that elusive essence of real theater everyone else in this town keeps talking about but has rarely if ever achieved. He is a singer, dancer, actor, choreographer and one of the truest, purest evocations of the word "theatrical" ever to stun audiences out of their complacent minds.

People don't quite know how to take Andre. He is as uncompromising in his personal life as he is on the stage. He is what he is and isn't selling a package deal for people to market out like cream cheese and chives. He has an uncanny knack for separating the bullshitter from the bullshitee and dealing with those people in commercial theater who don't know what he's about and are too scared to find out. After coming to New York with "WARP" and making the rounds he realized that all the people who considered themselves stars and divas in the big apple were working the same free showcases he was. So he went to another place. He went to a place where there was feeling for work instead of pretense. He got so he could separate the directors from the people who pretended to direct; the actors from the people who pretended to act; the singers from the people who pretended to sing. People have always told him "no" just before he went right out and did it.

"I grew up in Baltimore in truly what people remember nostalgic-

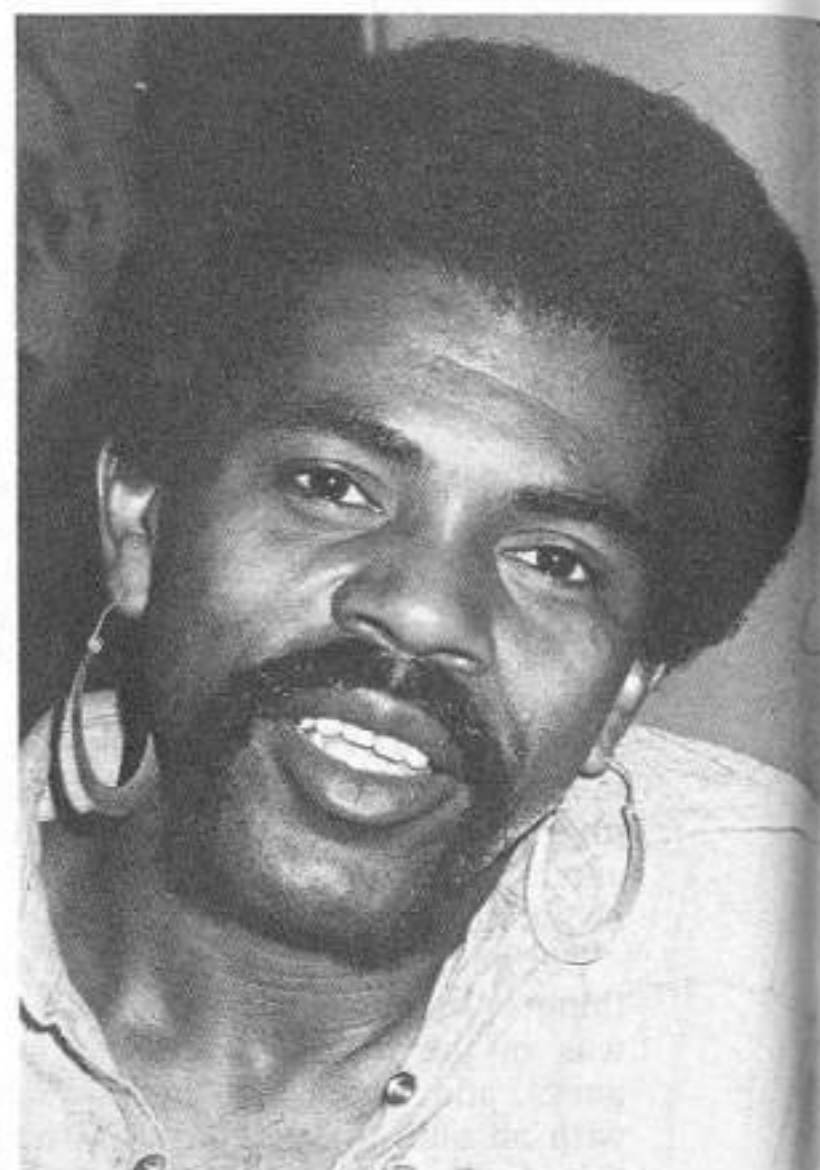
ly as a ghetto. Very trashy, very dirty and very run down. I was hated. First it was 'no' because I was black. Then it was 'no' because I was a sissy. Then it was 'no' because I wanted the education, because they said, 'Oh, Andre thinks he's white,' see? Then it was 'no' because I wanted to go to college and to Europe and get into the theater and they thought 'why don't you get a decent job like everybody else. You know, do something ordinary so we'll know that you're right. So all of that time I was acting, you know what I mean? That's where I learned my craft — growing up.'"

Now that Andre is the star of "The Wiz," a lot of attention is being paid to the fact that he's a great singer and dancer and people don't generally know, around the country, that he's a brilliant choreographer, having been what he calls "boogie master" for Bette Midler and her Harlettes and put together such high powered nightclub acts as Alaina Reed's.

"I am not really interested in being a choreographer. I am not in the business of designing dance for different groups of people to do. If I'm in the position to blow a few minds, or my mind, then I'll do it. Also, it's for my friends. My work is known through Bette Midler, through Alaina Reed, through the Harlettes. Those are the references for my choreography. All those divas. So I call myself a boogie master. I just go in and meet these people and love them and do it. You don't worry about the taps or the steps or the combinations. You choreograph the relationship and it's done."

Andre is a problem for the commercial theater because they can't put their finger on him; they can't put him in a box. It's not his problem, though, because he just pushes on ahead, taking all of his

# MR. DESHIELDS IS F



photos by JOHN MICHAEL COX Jr



# FROM MARS



beliefs with him. They can't help but notice. He knows who and what he's about and it gives him perspective not shared by the hacks in the business.

"When 'WARP' closed at the hands of some very stupid critics and a stupid producer, I just freaked out inside me. Everything that people had warned me about the big apple had come true. I was standing on the corner with two shopping bags. But I was in a position with the Organic Theater Company to know that what we had created was genius. And it wasn't by accident. We worked hard in repertory; ten of us. There were eight actors, a director and a technician and we produced 'WARP' in Chicago for a year and a day for five thousand dollars. When we came to New York it took \$275,000 to put on and a crew of thirty couldn't do it. We did three parts and they couldn't put on one. So I said to myself, 'I am not the bullshit. That is the bullshit. And I stayed.'" Big smile.

Andre works instinctively. He has undisguised contempt for the kind of theater which offers a pleasant evening and something to talk about on the way home to Scarsdale.

"There is a difference between taking up the space of a star and pretending to be a star. I had to defy New York in order to deal with it. I am a star, nobody is making me a star. People come to see me levitate, although I never leave the stage. We need monsters. In order to see myself from afar and be able to see it all for what it is I have to get away. And where does an earthling go when he wants to get away? Where did we go in all those movies? To mars. People never understand any of these things as symbols. In the sixties they actually thought flowers were going to heal. So when I say I'm from Mars, it doesn't just say that in my resume. That resume is six months old. I'm twenty-nine. I'm from Mars. This is politics. I want people to know exactly who they're dealing with. You know, they say 'Oh, you're from Mars, ha, ha, ha.' No No, dear. They deleted that line from the Playbill for 'The Wiz' during the previews. They didn't want to print it. 'Oh, Mr. DeShields is from Mars?' And I got it back in for

opening night."

I'm amazed at how afraid people are of certain things even in the theater where people are supposed to let those fantasies out and not lock them up.

"It has to do with the misconception of work. The performing arts have changed so much because nobody goes to them for any cathartic reason any longer. They don't want to get off. No changes, please. Lots of patter and let me eat my TV dinner while I watch you."

Some of it has to do with the gay trip in show business but only to the extent that being open to gay experience means being free to express all of who Andre is and wishes to become. You can't achieve that by leaving out the things people are afraid to deal with on an honest level.

"To tell you the perfect truth, I'm trying to get past that word 'gay.' I do know that I don't feel any obligation to any sex when I'm out there, as far as trying to turn them on. There is an odor that comes from me that attracts men and it attracts women and also some animals, ha . . . I've discovered that even gay people can be fucked up and are hassling with the same straight political bullshit attitudes as the motherfuckers are. So I'm going back to gods and goddesses a lot, which is one of the reasons I'm drawn to Jeffrey Holder. When Carmen Miranda says she's gay, it's because she's wearing those five inch platforms and she can avoid the dogshit on the street and get above it. And even human shit. Those are the extremes I love New York for. To walk to the corner and see a man shitting on the street. Now I see it! It ain't only the dogs, see. But wearing those platforms, Carmen Miranda must have known that. She was saying 'I've got my telescope and I've gotten far enough away to be able to see it all.'"

So where's it all going Andre, huh?

"Well, I do not want to become a musical comedy star, dear. I don't want to take the place of Ben Vereen."

Is Ben Vereen to musical comedy what Sidney Poitier was to movies?

"No, I think Sammy Davis Junior

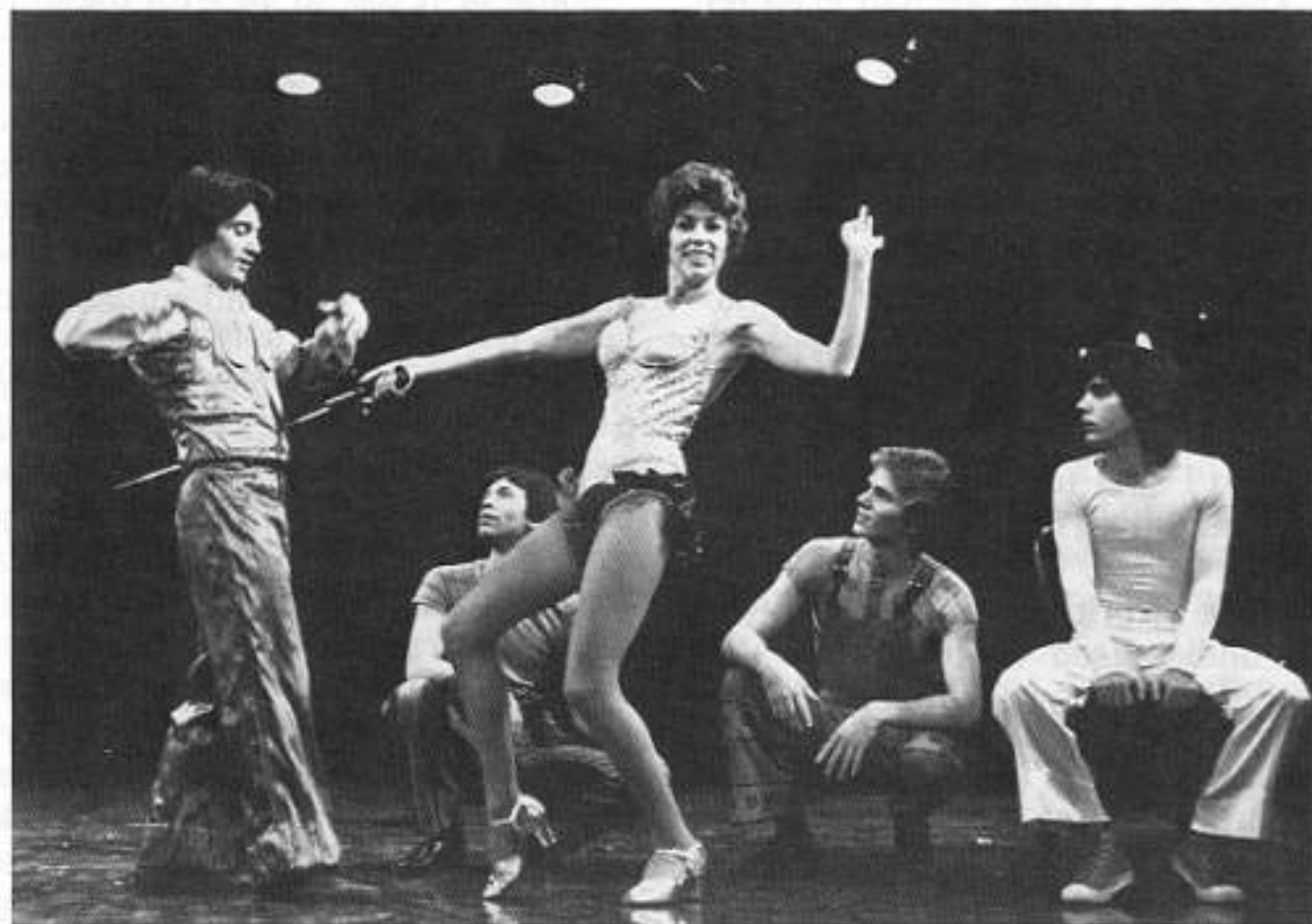
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# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

## THEATER

### NEW YORK



The touring company's version of the Broadway musical-comedy "The Magic Show" featured (left to right) Daniel Cass, Richard Balestrino, Hester Lewellen, Robert Brubach and Peter DePaula. It played Los Angeles' Shubert Theatre while the New York original company was still going strong.

## THE MAGIC SHOW

**I** have always been mystified and fascinated by magic tricks. I'm the perfect stooge—that guy who will sit wide-eyed and awe-struck for endless hours as an amateur magician does card tricks — and I never guess how it's done. So, you can imagine the state I was in after seeing "The Magic Show."

The theatre has always dealt in illusion, and it is not uncommon to hear a particularly beautiful production referred to as "magical." Usually, the illusion is that which enhances and beautifies the commonplace making it seem larger and more thrilling than real-

life. Magic is the ultimate extension of this, the perfected fantasy — creating a beautiful lady from nothing or turning the beautiful lady into a menacing, snarling cougar — whichever is your fantasy. "The Magic Show" takes your ordinary little hippy-type kid and, before you know it, turns him into a master magician who leaves you, and the entire audience, literally spellbound (the original title of the show). Aleister Crowley, and other such writers, have always terrified us with the proposition that there are moving among us various agents of the powers of good and evil who wage fearful battles over

the future of mankind but appear to the unversed stranger to be ordinary mortals of the most mundane sort. They would be thrilled no end to see this simple kid wield the powers of magic with the skills of a Houdini. In the Broadway production, he is played by Doug Henning who looks for all the world like any young man you might see peddling belts on Sixth Avenue. After witnessing Mr. Henning's considerable talents, I fear I will never pass one of these ordinary kids again without a certain chill of wondering at just what talents might be lurking behind their simple exteriors. Henning moves through his role with skill and assurance, and emerges as a master at the art of deception.

Besides Mr. Henning, the show has a great many other super-talents to its credit. Book by Bob Randall ("6 Rms Riv Vu"), songs by Stephen Schwartz ("Pippin," "Godspell"), directed by Grover Dale ("Seesaw"). The costumes are by that genius of theatrical raiment, Randy Barcelo, who has to his credit such spectacles as "Jesus Christ, Superstar" and "Lenny." The rest of the cast, particularly the dancers, is excellent. David Ogden Stiers gives a wonderful performance in the role of an old-style magician whose only

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Peter DePaula, star of "The Magic Show."



# THE RITZ

**D**id you ever think you would see a combination of "The Godfather" and "Saturday Night At The Baths"? Did you ever think you would want to? Well, you can see it now, at the Longacre Theatre in New York City — it's called "The Ritz." It's a new comedy by Terence McNally, and let me assure you that you do want to see it. The show is delightful from beginning to end, frequently hilarious, and a welcome departure from some of Mr. McNally's heavier stuff.

The premise is simple: in vignette at the beginning we see an Italian family gathered around their dying patriarch seeking his blessing. There is heavy music accompanied by assorted wailing. The old man, or should we say Don (?), speaks — "Get Proclo!", not a blessing, but a vendetta. Well, it turns out that Proclo, played by Jack Weston, is his son-in-law, the never-accepted husband (for twenty years and several children now) of the only daughter who is also now heir to half her father's garbage collection empire. The other half of the garbage goes to the brother, Carmine, played by Jerry Stiller of

Stiller and Meara, who vows to carry out the father's dying request, thereby avenging his sister's twenty years of happy marriage and also cutting the brother-in-law out of his share of trash (which he also collects in Cleveland . . .).

The plot established, Proclo seeks a hiding place. And where does he land? Right, you guessed it — The Ritz! That bath-house of all bath-houses, a pleasure palace for which he, and most of the audience (you know which ones) was ill-prepared. The Ritz, everything the name suggests, at once chic and sleazy, and peopled by a group that even Tubstrip would be proud of. There is Paul B. Price playing Claude Perkins, the chubby chaser who goes into ecstasy over tonnage and who is never without a caloric bribe for the susceptible gluttonous palate. Mr. Price's face is familiar from television and films, not to mention theatre, and he gives his character a real flair and warmth and zesty humor. There is Chris, THE bath-house queen, the one with the whistle around his neck who is directing all traffic, starting trouble, starting fun, starting anything — the one with his name engraved on the room reserved especially for him. This part is brought to life, and I

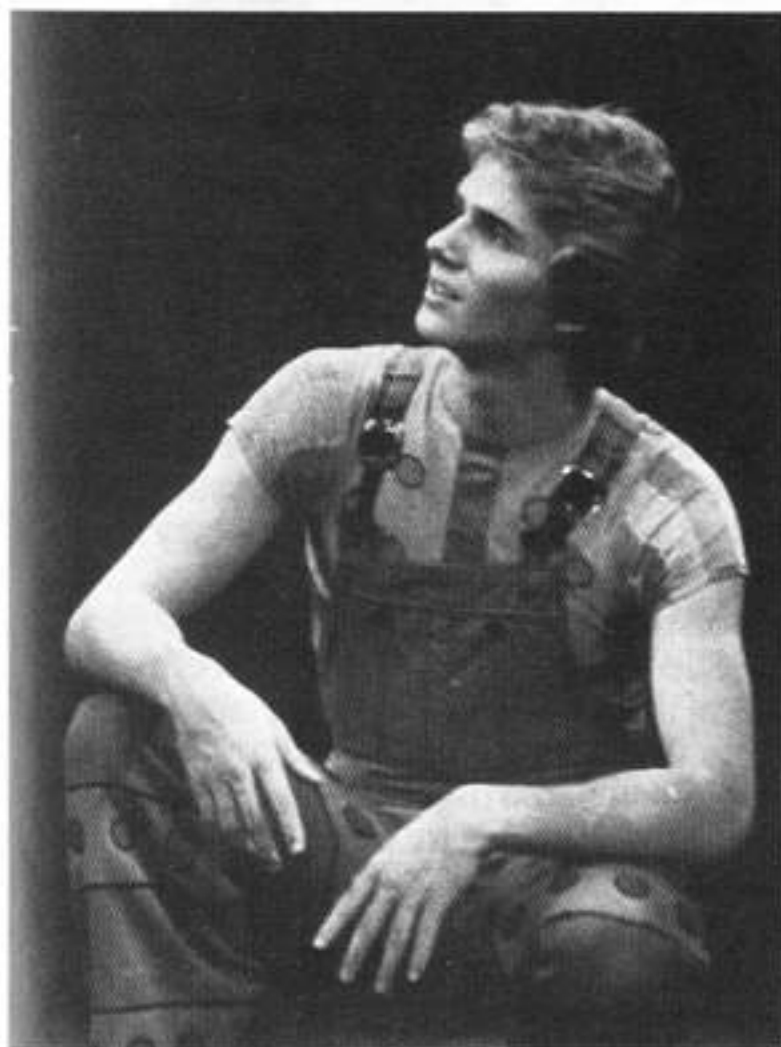
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# SHERLOCK HOLMES

**I**f you grew up as I did, secure in the knowledge that Basil Rathbone was Sherlock Holmes and took his work very seriously, thereby making the world a safer place to live in, then The Royal Shakespeare Company's production of Sherlock Holmes now playing at the Broadhurst Theatre, NYC, may not be quite so elementary. It is a comedy. Or, more precisely, it is a melodrama. A what? A melodrama. Which is to say that it is a play meant to be performed out of all proportion to but not without resemblance to reality, and at the same time meant to be accepted as reality. For me it was quite a shock, pleasant in some ways, unpleasant in others (I always take my Holmes as seriously as Mr. Rathbone took his work). The show can best be described as impeccable.

As the curtain goes up you are transported to London, 1891. Before you is a fog-shrouded street watched over by a waiting darkness and travelled by dim figures whose

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Robert Brubach, featured in "Magic Show."



Tony-winner Rita Moreno in "The Ritz."



John Neville is "Sherlock Holmes."

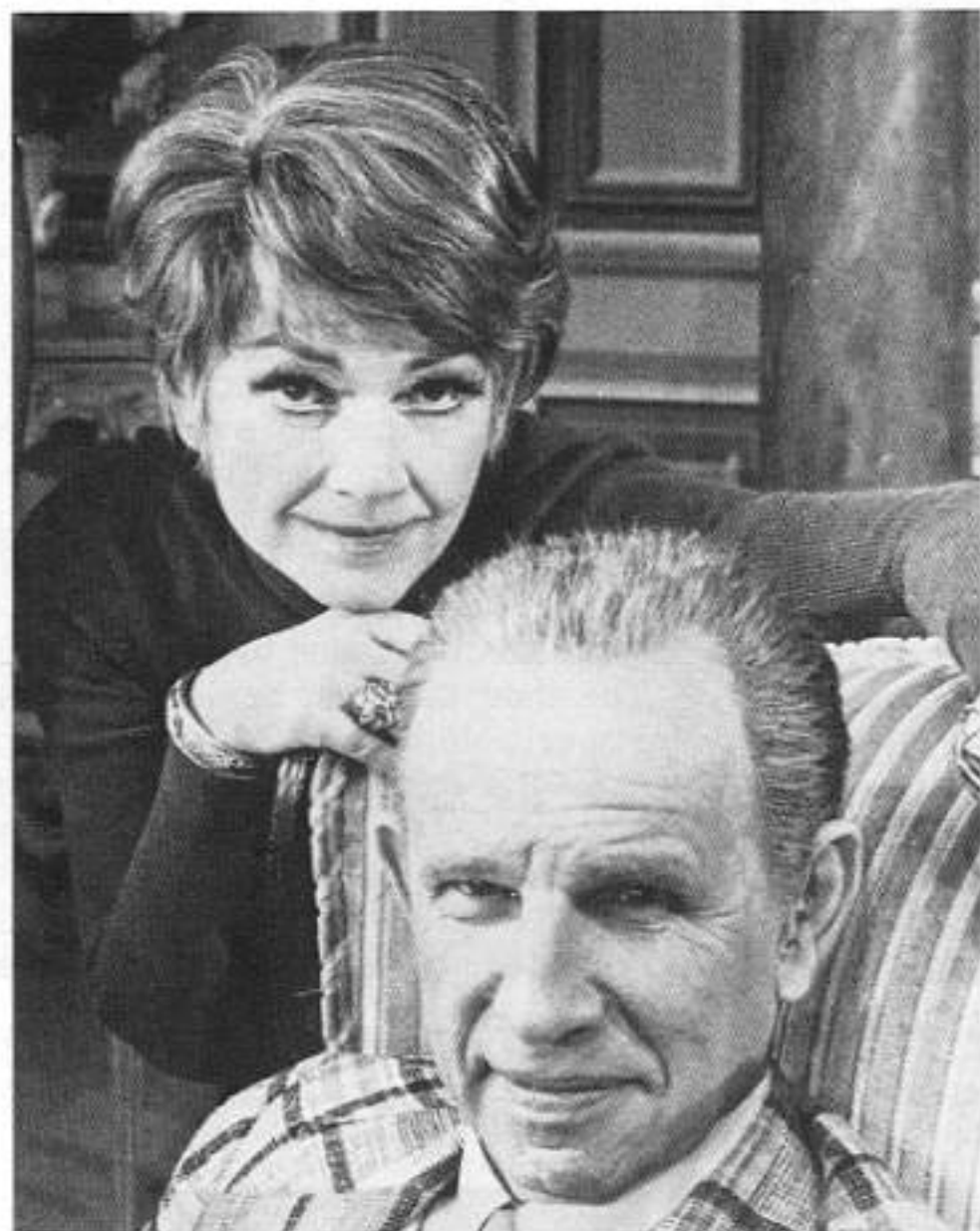


# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

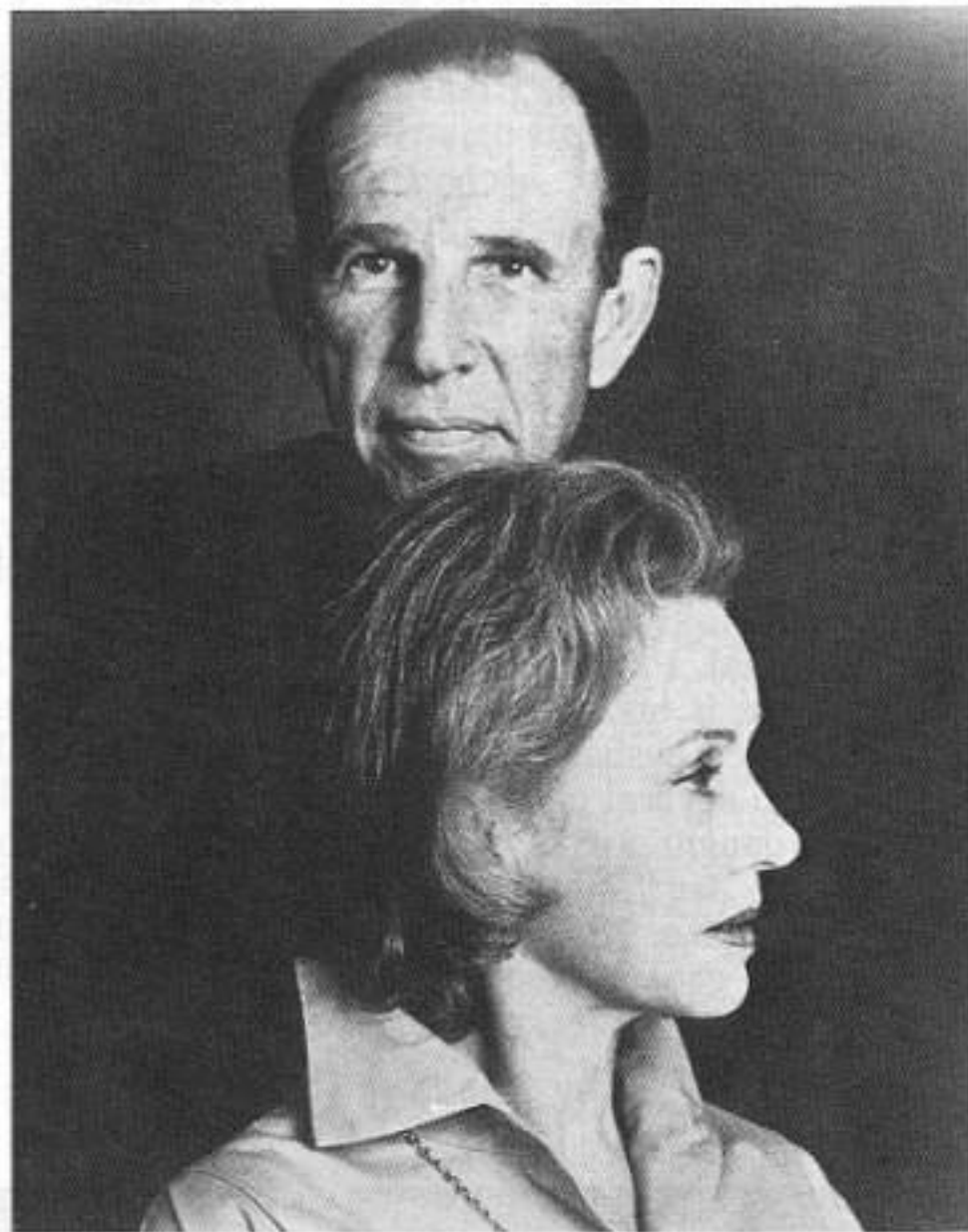
## THEATER

ALLAN LEOPOLD

# LOS ANGELES



Anne Baxter, Hume Cronyn in Coward's last play.



Husband and wife—Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

## Noel Coward In Two Keys

"Suite in 3 Keys" was Noel Coward's last play, produced on the London stage in 1966. In the nine years it took to get here, one play was lopped off and now we have "Noel Coward in Two Keys" at the Huntington Hartford, played in four scenes with four actors. Let me say right now that the four performers are extraordinarily gifted. Indeed, Jessica Tandy is simply magnifi-

cent in a performance not to be missed. She is married to Hume Cronyn and they created these roles on Broadway. No slouches to start out with, they have now reached the pinnacle of the very fine art of nuance; of pause, pacing and reflection. They listen, act and inter-react with lovely, orchestrated precision. And Anne Baxter brings a breathless sincerity to her roles. When she last appeared here in a revival of Moss Hart's "Light Up The Sky," I didn't like her at all. Very ill at ease after her Australian divorce from rancher, Randolph Galt, I had no idea she could pull herself together so well and emerge as warmly winning as she now is. She has also con-

sumed some calories since then and the results are very pleasant indeed. The first play, "Come Into The Garden, Maud" has a dated air about it and is easily forgettable.

The line:

"That Pansy makes us thirteen at table!" is, I suppose, an accurate reflection of the way Anna-Mary Conklin thinks. But it still grates against the ear. Far funnier is:

"The one with the buck teeth looks like she could eat an apple through a tennis racket."

"A Song at Twilight" is an important play that says some provocative things:

"That particular form of prescience is rheumatic rather than

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Antonia Ellis as silent screen siren in "Once In A Lifetime."



Jayne Meadows as "Lifetime" gossip columnist.



**"O**nce In A Lifetime" by George Kaufman and Moss Hart is a giant step forward for the Mark Taper Forum. It represents an effort to give the customers genuine entertainment instead of dry tracts with hidden messages. It further performs an authentic service by reviving an enormous hit circa 1931 that practically no one has seen in these parts. The play is further served by the presence of Miss Jayne Meadows in the cast (who is Mrs. Steve Allen in real life). As a sort of Louella Parsons gossip columnist she is really magnificent. Brilliantly attired in gaudy plumage from Pete Menefee's drawing board, she is dry, acerbic, delightful; a fully realized comic creation. She rasps out lines like: "My column is being translated into Spanish. They'll be reading it

way over in Moscow." This doesn't sound as delicious on paper as the way she utters it. Equally splendid is Dody Goodman (you may remember her as Jack Parr's sparring partner from his old TV talk show). As the dimwitted receptionist of Glogauer Pictures, she is irresistibly funny.

Her line:

"I've been having a little trouble with my sibilant sounds but my vowels are open all right" proves she knows what to do with a double-entendre. The lion's share of the laughs come from Harold Gould, a fine actor, as Herman Glogauer, the head of the studio:

"At previews, you get a smattering of Pathe and United Artists at 10:15 but you don't get Paramount until 11:00."

"Everywhere I go people act at me. When I have a shoeshine I look down and somebody is having a love scene with my pants."

"Way back in the old days I had nickleodeons when everybody else just had pennylodians."

"She's got the most beautiful breasts in America but this is talking pictures and you can't hear 'em!"

"From now on, every scenario we're going to produce, somebody's got to read it!"

Marcia Rodd is a little too bland for my taste as May, but I liked her interpretation of such lines as:

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Clockwise, Mark Vance, Kathleen Freeman, Thom Phillips, Jomarie Ward.

## FOUR ON THE FLOOR

**I**t's been a little while since I've tossed my hat into the air over an entertainment but Don Sheffey's "Four on the Floor" at the Daisy on North Rodeo Drive has caused me to whirl it up into the stratosphere. Here is a simply magnificent little two-part revue that has everything: wit, taste, perception, pace, style,

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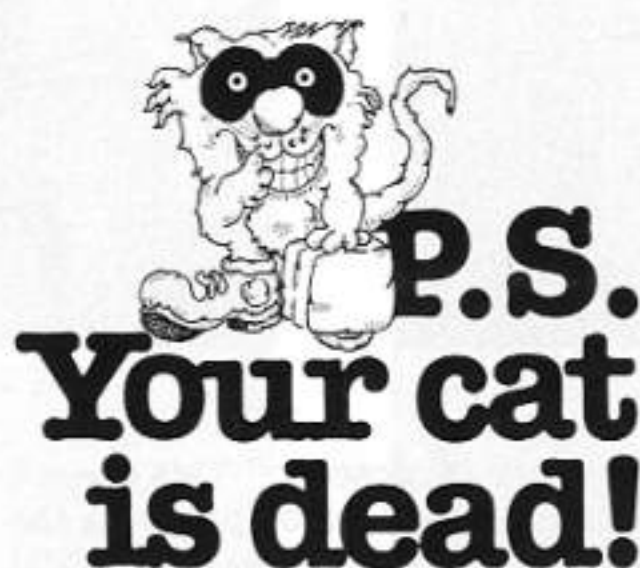
# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

## THEATER

# SAN FRANCISCO

**J**ames Kirkwood's "P. S. Your Cat Is Dead," while it will never join the ranks of the all-time classic dramatic experiences, is a witty, entertaining evening of theater. Much to the chagrin of some of the front-office people involved in the recent San Francisco production of the play, it has developed the reputation of being a "gay" show, which is an unfairly restricting description.

Homosexuality is a part of it —



Jeff Druce as Vito, the captive burglar (on right) sweet-talks Claudette Nevins (Kate), the girl who walks out on Robert Foxworth (as Jimmy Zoole) the hapless hero of James Kirkwood's comedy "P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!"

perhaps even a large part — but unlike such overtly "gay" plays as Douglas Dean's "Special Friends," which opened in San Francisco on the same weekend, it is a show that can be comfortably enjoyed by straight audiences as well. "Special Friends" was meant to be a gay show, "P. S." was not.

It is actually a character study of two men, both losers in their own individual ways, but both determined by the final curtain to change their luck. Jimmy Zoole is a struggling out-of-work actor for whom nothing, absolutely nothing,

has gone right in quite some time, largely because he is too defeated to make anything go right. Vito Antenucci is a self-described "alley cat," a bi-sexual who has survived an unhappy straight marriage and a tragic gay one, and now hustles and steals to make ends meet.

When Jimmy catches Vito burglarizing his apartment (which Vito has done twice before) he hogties him across the kitchen counter, naked from the waist down, and determines to extract some horrible revenge on him. The

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Jack Wrangler, playing an ex-hustler, goes into his first act go-go dance. photos by Ruben

# SPECIAL FRIENDS

**"S**pecial Friends," a new truly gay play at the Showcase Theatre in San Francisco . . . and scheduled to open very soon in Los Angeles . . . is a refreshing change, at least, from the run-of-the-mill problem that dominates most plays that take homosexuality as their major theme. All the characters in this play are not only gay but happily so. There is none of that usual done-to-death, teeth-gnashing, breast-bearing problem of coming out.

Oh, there are problems to be sure. The writing and the acting meet many of them head-on, only hint at others, skirt some altogether, and, unfortunately, bring up a few and then don't really come to grips with them or resolve them satisfactorily. The major fault for that lack of clean cut direction seems to be that no one . . . actors, writers, or directors . . . can decide exactly what kind of play this should be. There are in fact two plays here. One is a rather bittersweet, May/December love story, while the other is a wild knock-about farce. Both approaches work, and work well, but they just can't exist on the same stage at the same time and shouldn't be attempted as has





The jig's up as Denis (Jack Wrangler, left) and Nicky (Randy Blake) spot each other.

# AL IENDS

been done in this production. For my taste (and that of most of the opening night audience, who relished all the high moments of hilarity), I'd opt for the funny approach. Gay theatre could surely use a lot more wild, fast, rip-it-up humor and, judging by his fast, funny script, Mr. Dean is just the one to give it to us. It is very hard to mix farce and revelence and make it work but the sections of the script that do that manage it very neatly.

Unfortunately, there are problems in the realistic romantic sections. I'm not sure that is so much the fault of the script (though I must admit the outcome of the whole thing does seem a bit weak . . . approaching it and performing it strictly as high farce might help). On the other hand such real problems as; growing old and gay, a dwindling sex drive, the relationship between a young man and a middle-aged one, etc. may not really lend themselves well to the farcical approach. Still it would be fun to see it tried. Perhaps a director who was not quite as close to the project (Mr. Dean again, working under the name Dean Goodman) could have given it a firmer, more

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## BEACH BLANKET BABYLON *Goes Bananas!* A NEW MUSICAL WITH OLD FRIENDS

"Beach Blanket Babylon" has been running for quite a number of months in San Francisco, and I can see why. The run has been extended, and, according to producer Steve Silver, the show should continue past the end of the year.

It is an evening of pure, mindless nostalgia, mixed with zany interpretations of the latest rock hits and parodies on grand opera (in surprising good voice), performed by a small, speed-energetic cast dressed in the most outlandish costumes. A truly absurd and laugh-filled evening that the audience eats up like birthday cake. And, I have a feeling, is coming back to see again and again. It's that type of show.

This particular edition is called "Beach Blanket Babylon Goes Bananas!" and it presents all kinds of singing absurdity. And, thank goodness, not one "message" or sermon. "Beach Blanket Babylon" is pure escape, somebody's dream-fantasy of how to take off on all

types of music, kidding the pants off the serious in every genre, from classical to Top-40.

It succeeds exceedingly with the audience, which started chortling as soon as the orchestra, dressed as poodles, romped across stage, and kept lengthily laughing throughout the entire hour-and-a-half show.

Through turn-of-the century tenor arias by Mr. Peanut, the familiar Planters Peanut symbol, songs and dance by two life-sized M&Ms chocolates whose parodies melted in the audience's funybones not their minds, a beautiful pink fairy queen (female) singing opera and then "Dedicated To The One I Love," dancing tumbleweeds, a glitterized Santa Claus and Christmas tree and actor-dancer Kirk Fredrick's re-creation of The Midnight Cowboy with sidekick Ratzo Risso, hoofing and spoofing "Puttin' On The Ritz."

All this is greeted with the wildest enthusiasm by a cheering assemblage which packs the an-

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(Above left) the far out "space number" with the giant phallic symbol, and (above) the "Steam Heat" number with a high-kicking Georgina Spelvin in one of her more costumed roles. (Opposite page) the "black leather S&M scene" is easily the audience's favorite.

# san diego presents

# TAKE IT OFF

HUGH HARRISON

**W**hat is funny, sexy, raunchy, very, very nude, alive and well and living in San Diego?

Easy! "Take It Off!" a wild, hilarious history of burlesque that's now being presented in the Off-Broadway Theater in San Diego, now renamed The Pussycat Cabaret. I must admit I was more than a little worried when Vincent Miranda took the show place over again after it had done so well under the management of Wortman-Hartzog. There was no need for all that worry. What we have here is all at once as funny and vital, along with being sexy as hell, as anything I've seen in a long, long time.



I wouldn't exactly say that there is something here for everyone . . . I sure don't suggest you take your prim, maiden aunt from Glendale . . . unless she's just gotten her first copy of Playgirl and loved it! (The same could go for your square uncle, after his first look at IN TOUCH!) There is something for every taste however. The girls who strip are excellent dancers, which is something not many clubs around can boast, and are all lookers! The same is true of the guys . . . only MORE so!

One of the hardest things I know is to try and mix comedy and sex. They have managed to bring it off with both style and flair. It is everything the big shows in Las Vegas should be but are not. That includes "Hallelujah Hollywood," most emphatically! This attitude is helped no end by the star of the show Georgina Splevin, who has been concocting just such a mixture for years in such porn epics, and, incidentally raising them far above that level, as the famous "Devil And Miss Jones." She is a total delight, talented and funny while still being flashily sexy. My only wish is that she would have done more singing and dancing (which by the way she did for years in a long string of hit Broadway shows

before becoming the queen on fun-porn), and cut out that question and answer period with the audience. I have been assured that during the break-in here that was going to be accomplished.

That was about the only reservation I did have, however. All the rest is pure . . . well, maybe not that pure . . . fun!

From the moment you enter the theater (with its wild mixture audience from everyone to everyone, including sailors complete with whistles and yells all the way to the elegant crowd dripping furs and diamonds . . . that is a show in itself!) the fun begins. The program is the first clue. It can't be described but must be seen, some of the funniest and best creative writing in existence. It alone is worth preserving! Just check out the director and the choreographer (both of whom just happen to be our old friend Don Wortman!)

The fun by no means stops there. The cast, working under assumed names, is delightful. The numbers are fast and sexy . . . the highlight of the evening is a wild S and M number complete with all the correct "in" signs and sayings. This is something you just can't miss! The guys in the cast are really good. They are all both sexy and appeal-

ing, not to mention very naked for most of the show. In a word, they let it all hang out and there's a lot to hang out! That plus talent as singers and dancers gives you all you could ask for!

Still, the real performing highlight of the evening is a wild hoyden, Georgette. This young lady is very funny and very talented. She has a bright future. She wickedly deflates the Lolita image with a wild rendering of "On The Good Ship Lollipop," that drips sex. It is enough to make Shirley Temple turn Black! In turn after turn she rips it up and jabs the audience into hilarity until their sides ache. Of the rest of the cast, Genie Dee, a very talented stripper with a big surprise isn't far behind. This one drips elegance. Wortman, working at top form, has never had more fun and it shows. He has seldom been better and that shows, too!

All and all it is a very fast, funny and affectionate look back at what the form was all about. This one is something you owe yourself. The show is scheduled to begin a cross-country trip after it closes in San Diego, starting in Los Angeles first then on to San Francisco. BUT . . . let me urge you not to wait. Get thee to San Diego for a fun turn-on . . . and on and on and on!!!

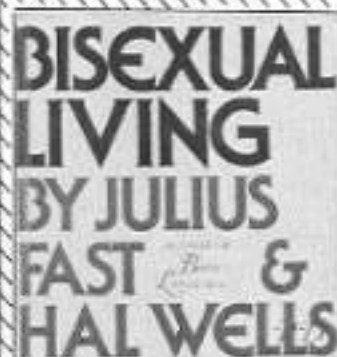




# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

## BOOKS

JIM KEPNER



John Nathan's *MISHIMA, A Biography* (Little, Brown, \$8.95, 300 pgs.) will not easily be supplanted as the definitive account of the life and works of the Japanese *stupor mundi*. Nathan worked closely with Mishima while translating the delicately dark tale, *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With the Sea*, and even though Mishima cut him off when Nathan refused to render the longwinded *Kyoko's House*, Nathan had full cooperation from the writer's widow, his parents and many acquaintances while researching this book.

It is an enviable work, readable, generally fair, making the tormented writer seem almost understandable, and at the same time doing a far better job than most biographers at evaluating the body of Mishima's writings, and suggesting, without unduly inviting the charge of improper hindsight, how much in Mishima's fiction points inevitably to his bizarre death.

Born Kimitake Hiraoka, Mishima authored a score of novels and even more plays. An international celebrity and a poseur in erotic photographs and in crime films, his life seemed always more than a little scandalous. Delicate and sickly in youth, he worked hard to build up his body and stamina, and was anxious to display himself.

Though he had long professed disinterest in politics, his writings after 1968 were increasingly right-wing and xenophobic, a call to purify Japanese culture and to die gloriously for the restoration of full Imperial prerogative. Yet his own emotional and aesthetic models, like his domestic life style, were chiefly Western. Until his last years, his heroes were such as Gide, Wilde and St. Sebastian — he posed for near-nude photographs as that arrow-pierced martyr.

After World War II, Japan was forbidden by treaty to maintain an army, but was permitted something very like one in a police role: the Japan Self-Defense Force. This was an affront to right-wing national

pride. Mishima, who'd been erotically fascinated throughout his career with the idea of heroic ritual death, created a small private army in hope of making some sort of symbolic kamikazi strike (in the event of a leftist coup d'état) which might serve as a moral catalyst to inspire the Japan Self-Defense Force to repudiate the "decadent" postwar constitution and society and restore full authority to the Emperor.

An extremely complex man, Mishima had managed to keep different aspects of his life so well compartmentalized that many associates were utterly dumfounded at his quixotic and gory death. Yet it was exactly the sort of death that had been a morbid preoccupation — often a scandal — in his writing (his first story was published in 1944, and his last novel, part of a tetralogy, was completed days — not hours, as has been widely reported — before his carefully-planned death.)

He'd taken four young men of the Shield Society into his confidence — all pledged to give their lives for the glory of the Emperor. On a pretext, they met and captured the commandant of the SDF Ichigawa Base, demanding that all the soldiers on base be assembled in the courtyard. Mishima stepped out on the parapet and urged the troops to rise up against the shameful constitution. Their jeering didn't much surprise him. He cut short his speech, reentered the building, knelt and jabbed a short sword into his abdomen, turning and drawing it in the prescribed manner of traditional seppuku. His followers beheaded him and the young man chosen for that service in turn disemboweled himself and was beheaded, after which his followers released the commandant as instructed and surrendered.

What did Mishima hope to gain? Nathan shows the act to be consistent with Mishima's lifelong fascination with honor, love and death. His mother urged friends at the funeral not to mourn: "This was the first time in his life Kimitake did something he always wanted to do."



Be happy for him."

If Nathan successfully understood Mishima's yearning for an aesthetic and heroic death (a yearning shared with many a western romantic poet) he only tolerates Mishima's homosexuality — but then Mishima himself was a long way from gay pride.

Antonia Fraser's *KING JAMES* (Knopf, \$12.95, 224 pgs.) is an excellent biog for those who don't have all day to read one. Lavishly illustrated, it is felicitously written and most handsomely assembled — a companion to her earlier works on Cromwell and on James' mother, Mary of Scots.

Ms. Fraser doesn't shy away from James' open homosexuality, though like Nathan above, she throws in the gratuitous assumption that if only the young king had found a woman's affection at the time he found Esme Stuart, his first intimate friend, he might have developed "normally." She incorporates the judgement made of most homosexual monarchs, that their favorites were somehow more crude, grasping, swaggering or prone to simony than hetero favorites and mates have been — or courtiers not bound to the monarch by erotic ties. Het favorites simply engendered less social anger and jealousy — even 350 years later.

Ms. Fraser is strong in describing the effects of his Scotch upbringing on James' ability to effectively govern the United Kingdom. She stints on his cultural contributions and gives an inaccurate and inadequate portrayal of Buckingham, and a weak one of Carr, Villiers' predecessor in the king's favor.

It doesn't seem to me that the book whets the appetite to know more about James or his age. Mary Queen of Scots comes across as quite uninteresting, Francis Bacon no more than a cipher, and the king a somewhat pathetic figure about whom the reader is now likely to assume that he has learned all that is worth knowing. The crisis at Ruthven, possibly turning on a homosexual incident, is the high point in drama.

*LIZA, an unauthorized biography* by James Robert Parish with Jack Ano (Pocket Books, \$1.50, 176 pgs.) is a breathless account of the star's daughter who grew up to rival the gamin appeal and celestial blaze of the famous Judy. Daughter of direc-

tor Vincente Minelli, Liza was not exactly encouraged to follow her mother's career — but after her stage successes, and a smash "Cabaret" on film she has solidly established her reputation as Judy's daughter and then some.

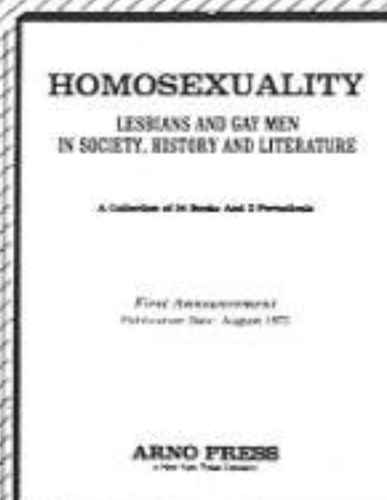
*THE RIGHTS OF GAY PEOPLE, An American Civil Liberties Union Handbook* (Avon paperbacks, \$1.75, 268 pgs.) is one of the most valuable and carefully prepared reference works to come along in our field. Prepared by E. Carrington Boggan, Marilyn G. Haft, Charles Lister and John P. Rupp, it is a goldmine of information for those interested in assorted legalities, of use both to researchers and to the individual gay who wants to know what the law is in this state or that, or how to draw up a Joint Domicile Agreement to protect his property rights in case the latest boyfriend doesn't last. The listings on gay organizations and publications is unavoidably a bit out of date, and the ALA bibliography is included in place of the more specialized bibliography that might have been useful here.

Chapters on the rights of Transvestites and Transsexuals, the Gay Family, Immigration and Naturalization, Employment Opportunities, etc. are well handled in concise and clear question and answer form, and don't endlessly repeat what has been as well said elsewhere.

*RESISTANCE AT CHRISTIANA* by Jonathan Katz (Crowell, \$7.95, 359 pgs.) can be taken as a foretaste of this writer's long-announced history of gays in America. Katz is a careful researcher and a fine storyteller, and he has here given a strong account of the resistance in a small Pennsylvania town in 1851 by a small band of ex-slaves against attempts to recapture them. Many of the fine illustrations are from Katz' family collection — his father also specialized in Black history.

After the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, there was an increase, even in the north, of anti-black, anti-abolitionist feeling, and when slaveholder Edward Gorsuch approached a small farmhouse at Christiana with an armed band of relatives and slave-catchers they met solid armed resistance, and after the smoke cleared, Gorsuch was dead in the field.

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JOHN MARVIN

# DOC SAVAGE

If you liked "Batman," you'll love "Doc Savage." If you thought, as I did, that "Batman" was a childish, forced, purple bore, then be forewarned that "Doc Savage" is "Batman" on a high budget.

Based on the pulp magazine hero of the thirties, recently resurrected by Bantam Books, "Doc Savage" is an attempt at high camp, but apparently neither producer George Pal nor director Michael Anderson have any concept of what constitutes true high camp. Camp must be subtle. It must take itself perfectly seriously. It must be a truly authentic recreation of that which it tries to send up, and never an intentional travesty of it. "Murder On The Orient Express" was not only exquisite high camp, but also one of the best pure detective stories ever filmed. "Doc Savage" simply batters the audience over the head with its own supposedly devastating cleverness.

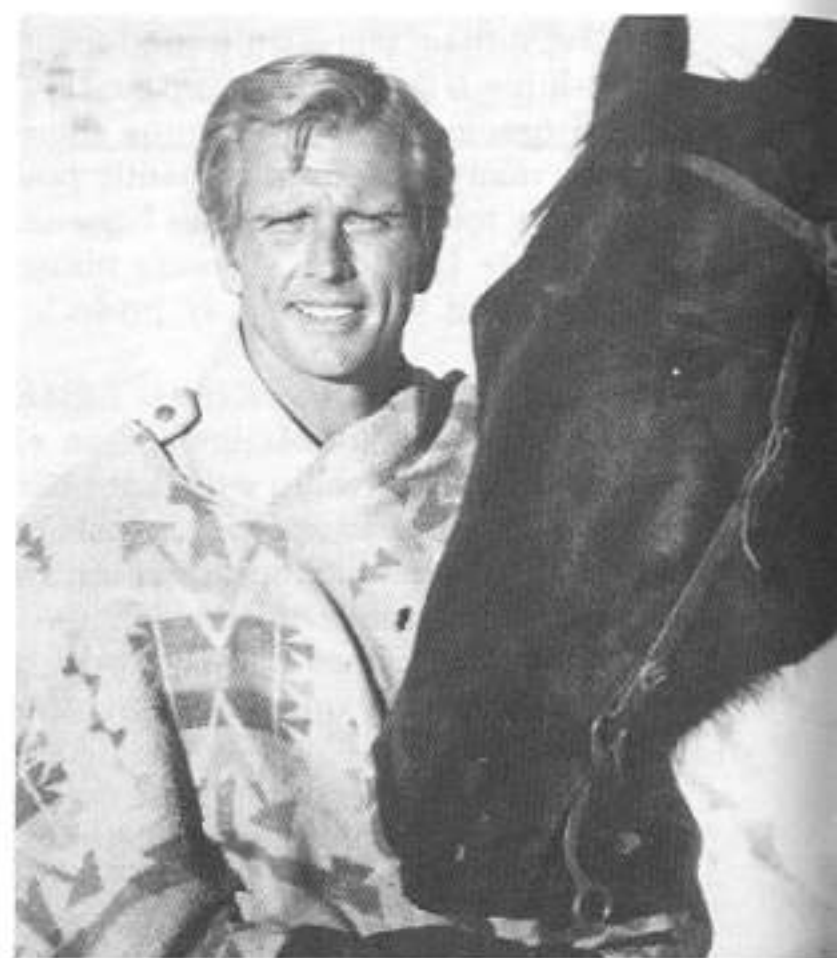
One peculiar inclusion from the original stories is Doc's use of mind-altering psycho-surgery to "rehabilitate" the Bad Guys. This sort of thing has a long movie association with science gone awry and creeping fascism, from the "mad scientist" films of George Zucco through "A Fine Madness" and "Clockwork Orange." Good Guys are supposed to influence by example, and Doc's frontal lobotomies add a most disturbing layer to his goody-goody character.

Warner Brothers' handling of this first in what purports to be a long series of films has demonstrated the studio's ambivalence toward the project. It was launched well over a year ago with a highly publicised search for an "unknown" to play the hero. (They finally decided that television's

Tarzan, handsome Ron Ely, was as unknown as anybody.) As filming progressed, the world was showered with Doc Savage T-shirts, bumper stickers, promotional trailers, and other paraphernalia. It was Hollywood publicity hype in the grand old tradition.

But after the film was completed, the studio executives began tossing the thing around like the hot potato it was, and it was over a year before they finally decided to release it. Meanwhile, all that expensive publicity momentum had died down and the actual release seems like such an anticlimax that some people actually think it is a re-release!

The studio's reticence is certainly justified. The whole camp craze was passe before the film was ever started, and today it is cold in the grave. Hopefully, if any further "Doc Savage" films are actually



Bronzed Ron Ely plays "Doc Savage" in film version of pulp magazine hero.

produced, the powers-that-be will rethink their basic approach. The most effective moment in the present film is the first attack of the "green death," which, significantly, is played perfectly straight. Let's hope the message gets through.

All this is not to suggest that "Doc Savage" is totally without redeeming qualities. It is a well-crafted film, technically an example of old-line Hollywood at its best. The cast could not be more perfect-

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## A BOY AND HIS DOG

"Doc Savage" is not the first or only film ever to be mishandled in its release by producers. The loud splats that you hear emanating from the Hollywood offices of Alvy Moore and L. Q. Jones are the sounds of those two talented and ambitious producers falling on their asses trying to handle distribution and promotion of their latest film, "A Boy And His Dog." A couple of years ago the two gentlemen were given the royal shaft by a major distributor to whom they entrusted their last film, and so they decided to handle this one themselves, and so far they have done an admirable

job of giving themselves the royal shaft.

Unlike "Doc Savage," however, which the world can get along very well without seeing, "A Boy And His Dog" is a minor masterpiece which could become at the very least a cult classic and at best a major success. Before it can do that, however, it must be seen, and now, two and a half years after production, it has yet to receive any sensible releasing campaign.

It tells the old, staple sci-fi story: after the bomb drops and the world's a giant mud puddle, the last remains of civilization pair off into two factions. On the surface of the





Don Johnson and man's best friend in "A Boy And His Dog."



Dominique Garney gets it on with unidentified pig in "The Marriage Trough." It's okay — they're married.

earth are the Rovers, animalistic tribes of raggamuffins prowling about searching for food and sex and perfectly willing to kill each other over either. Meanwhile, deep underground, another civilization has created an artificial world, attempting to recapture the bucolic feel of middle America in 1900. The Undergrounds, however, have grown impotent and must recruit occasional Rovers from the surface to help the repopulation.

Don Johnson, as the current stud-in-residence, has breathed life into some pretty dismal films in the past, but here he has the right director and the right vehicle, and he has turned in his most controlled, interesting performance to date. It is unfortunate that his best work has always been done in films that don't get seen too widely, such as the underrated "Zachariah," and of course the present film. Quite aside from the fact that he is one of the most brilliant young actors working today, he is the first major star to attempt to further his career by openly acknowledging his huge gay fan following, and for that reason alone, he deserves the respect and support of that following.

L. Q. Jones, ordinarily a dependable character actor who has been in about every western ever produced, has put on his director's cap for "Boy," and has done an excellent

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## THE MARRIAGE TROUGH

**I**n case you hadn't noticed, there's a new exploitation genre seeping up from the underground. I suppose they could be called scatological movies, or perhaps "gross-out" films. In any case, "The Grande Bouffe," "Pink Flamingoes," and "Sweet Movie," among others, have brought us more shitting and belching and farting and puking than a full-blown Roman orgy. The latest film to give a tip of the hat and a turn of the stomach to the genre is "The Marriage Trough," a Belgian film by 24-year-old Thierry Zeno, filmed in merciful black and white.

It tells the jolly tale of a man who weds and impregnates a pig (the four-hooved variety). Their parental bliss is shattered, however, by the self-righteous barnyard fowl, who murder their three wee-wee ones. Mama, in inconsolable grief, runs off and drowns herself and Papa spends a considerable amount of time eating his own excrement (not surprisingly interspersed with a good deal of vomiting) before also committing suicide.

"The Marriage Trough" has been run in film festivals around the world, generally getting reactions that range from disbelief to out-

right hostility. Rex Reed recently spent quite some time on the Tonight Show describing, incorrectly, the film's contents and expressing a revulsion that could scarcely have been greater had he been discussing the Mi Lai massacre. Actually, though, the film has a certain perverse charm that lingers after the more vulgar elements have been softened by the memory to the dimensions of a bad dream. Even the notorious shit-eating sequence can be said to have some symbolic significance, although it is allowed to go gleefully on beyond all necessary extremes.

Director Zeno's message is straightforward enough, although it seems to be lost on many viewers who can't seem to follow the wordless script. It's a simple story of two lovers who could probably live a happy and content existence were it not for the interfering and disapproving busybodies around them.

The one human in the film is Dominique Garry, playing the star-crossed lover. He is a not unattractive man, and has a number of nothing-hidden nude scenes in which he displays a particularly

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# MUSIC



## ROGER DALTREY

**RIDE A ROCK HORSE**—Roger Daltrey (MCA 2147)

Roger Daltrey's new LP along with his spectacular performance in "Tommy," should help everyone to start rethinking this talented singer. One of the problems with his first LP (DALTREY MCA 328) was that it seemed to be of too many parts and didn't add up to a whole. The hit song, "Giving It All Away," was the best thing in it, far and away. This new effort, while far from a perfect album, is nonetheless very exciting and very, very good. It does, at least, offer many varied songs that all do fit and blend well together.

The title tells all here. Daltrey hops on his horse and rocks it home. This is the fun, joyful rock that recalls The Who, when they were first getting started. To be sure there are a couple of unfortunate low points . . . like the silly, outdated "Proud" . . . but those few are more than made up for by many happy spins this album will give the buyer. In particular: "Oceans Away" is a light, lyrical love song with a steady beat; "I Was Born To Sing Your Song" easy and simple; "Milk Train," a real hard rocker with a familiar dope-tinged message, and "World Over," a sure bet for the AM radio charts. However, it is old Rufus Thomas' tune, the dirty-rock of the early '50s that is seldom done anymore with any real feeling . . . all the kids today seem to only want to send up the time and the feeling a whirl of campy put-on, not Daltrey . . . that gets it done and done well. "Walking The Dog" is a tune you'll be hearing and hearing. It is a natural for the radio and will be a big smash in that new area that seems to be controlling many of our current super hits — the disco. This is absolutely tailor made for fast, frantic dancing.

HUGH HARRISON



Terry Uttley

Chris Norman

Alan Sisson

Pete Spencer

# SMOKEY



**SMOKEY—Smokey (MCA 2152)**

*Oh yes we may walk on the wild,  
wild side of life*

*And our movements traced by a  
stranger close by your side*

*And in the shadows of a promise  
you can take my hand*

*And show me a way to understand*

—Smokey

SMOKEY is the debut LP of Smokey and Smokey is Chris Norman, Pete Spencer, Alan Silson, Terry Uttley, and pure rock magic. SMOKEY is a rare debut because every cut fits and they all work together providing an album greater than the sum of its parts. Top cuts of easy-listening rock include "Pass It Around," "Changing All The Time" and "If You Think You Know How to Love Me."

**FIRST CUCKOO—Deodato (MCA 491)**

Arranged and conducted by Eumir Deodato says it all. Electric piano, calvinet, guitars, bass, congas, drums, tubas, sax, flutes, trumpets — the orchestra under the baton of Deodato's genius. His style, an assimilation of Gil Evans, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, and Bach, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and of course Deodato, proves a winning combination for his newest LP, FIRST CUCKOO. Journeys into the Infinite include "Funk Yourself," "Black Dog," and "Crabwalk."

**EDDIE BAILES AND THE CADILLACS—"West Virginia" (Cin-Kay/BMI IRDA 081 A)**

Eddie Bailes is 6'3" and 185 lbs. of pure West Virginia man. He's

been right in the middle of country music since the early fifties, singing his mellow ballads in supper clubs and on local radio and TV from Charleston to Miami Beach. He's paid his dues and now, with the release of his most impressive first single, "West Virginia," Eddie Bailes' time has come. The living sound of the soul of West Virginia is all here, honest and simple, and straight from the heart. The Cadillacs — Jim Conley on bass, Ernie Dunlap on sax, and Rick Masterson on drums — provide perfect accompaniment to Eddie's melodic ode. They're down-home recording their first LP, so we can look forward to hearing more of the cream of country and western. Eddie just sings what he knows, and you know there's just no place quite the same as West Virginia for livin' and lovin'.

**HOME—Loretta Lynn (MCA 2146)**

From a coal miner's log cabin in Butcher Hollow to more than 20 albums for Decca dominating the tops of all the best-seller charts, Loretta gives it away to us again in her new album, simply titled HOME, which is also the title of her current single. She's included such hits as "Before the Next Teardrop Falls" and "(Hey Won't You Play) Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song." Into country and western, you count on Loretta.

JOHN WELLES

## LORETTA LYNN



# Deodato



# DANNY DELANEY

*poor little rich boy*

Photography by LAYNE NIELSON



**H**e was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and he's been choking on it ever since.

Danny Delaney. Born and raised among the easily-shocked blue bloods of Newport, Rhode Island, he was always bursting the seams of his tailor-made suits for more than one reason.

A rebel and a cut-up at Princeton, he was on the swimming team and enrolled in psychology classes. But if you ask him what his major was, he'll grin and invariably say, "Sexology." He was such a disgrace the blue bloods were glad to get rid of him when he announced he was going to Hollywood to "make it big."

And so here he is in California looking like he's one of the only true natives of the state. Blond, blue-eyed good-looks that have often led to wide-open studio gates in this tinsel-town with lots of locusts still hovering.

He's been studying acting with the best in the business — Lee Strasberg. If the old master can't whip this cocky Irish youth into shape, at least he'll have another James Dean on his hands. A rebel with a cause.

He's in no hurry and he's a man who takes his time. He's still young — 24, and he's got lots before him. He's about as sexual as you can get — he exudes it as he speaks slowly, measuring every word as though it were needless energy expended. Save it for something better.

He keeps in shape by swimming in friends' pools; nude if they've got company. He'll tell you he keeps in shape by other methods. Cock-sure.

And he's just bought a car. No, not a flashy sports job. A Cadillac limousine, naturally. There's still hope for the poor little rich kid yet.

JOHN ROBERTS

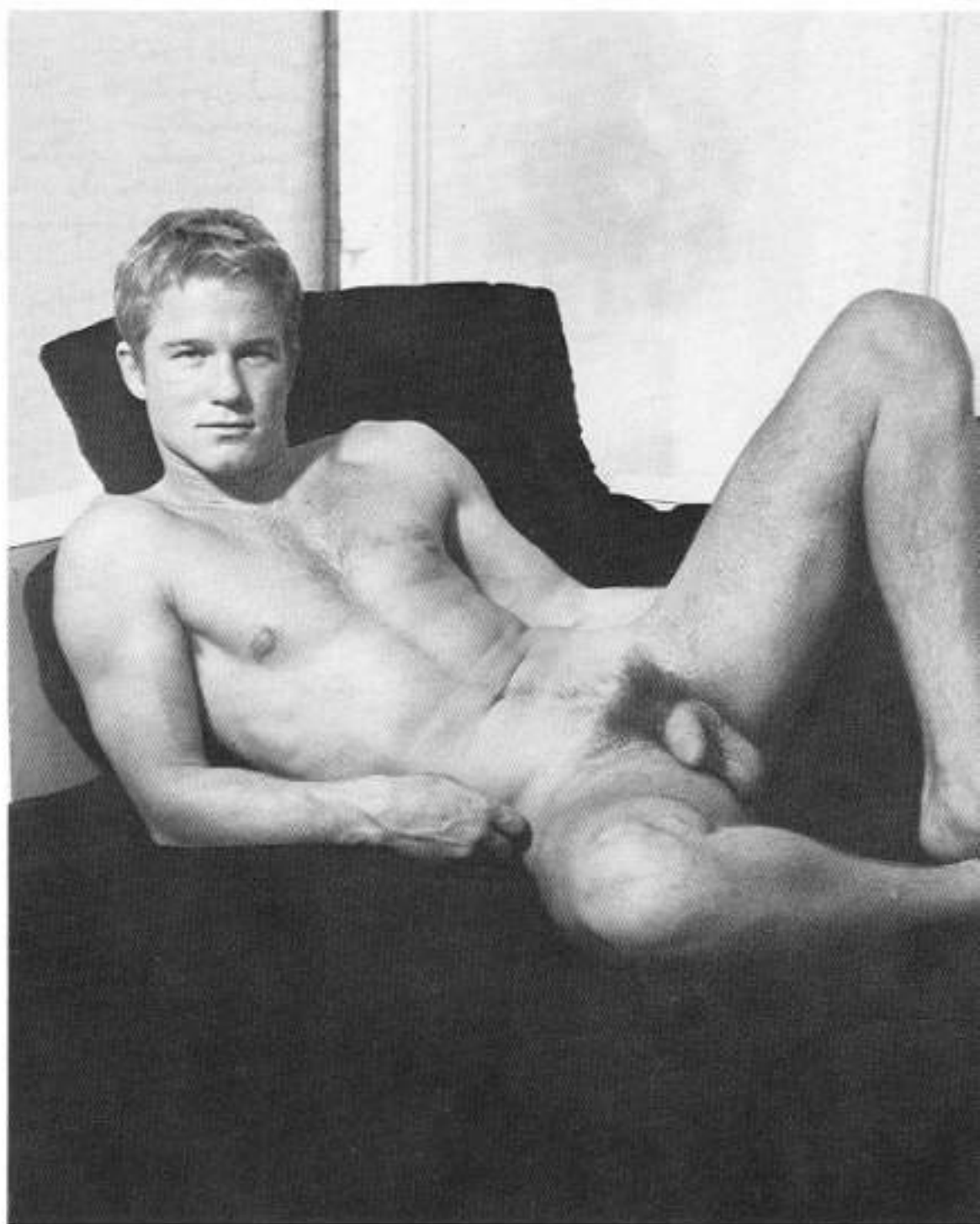








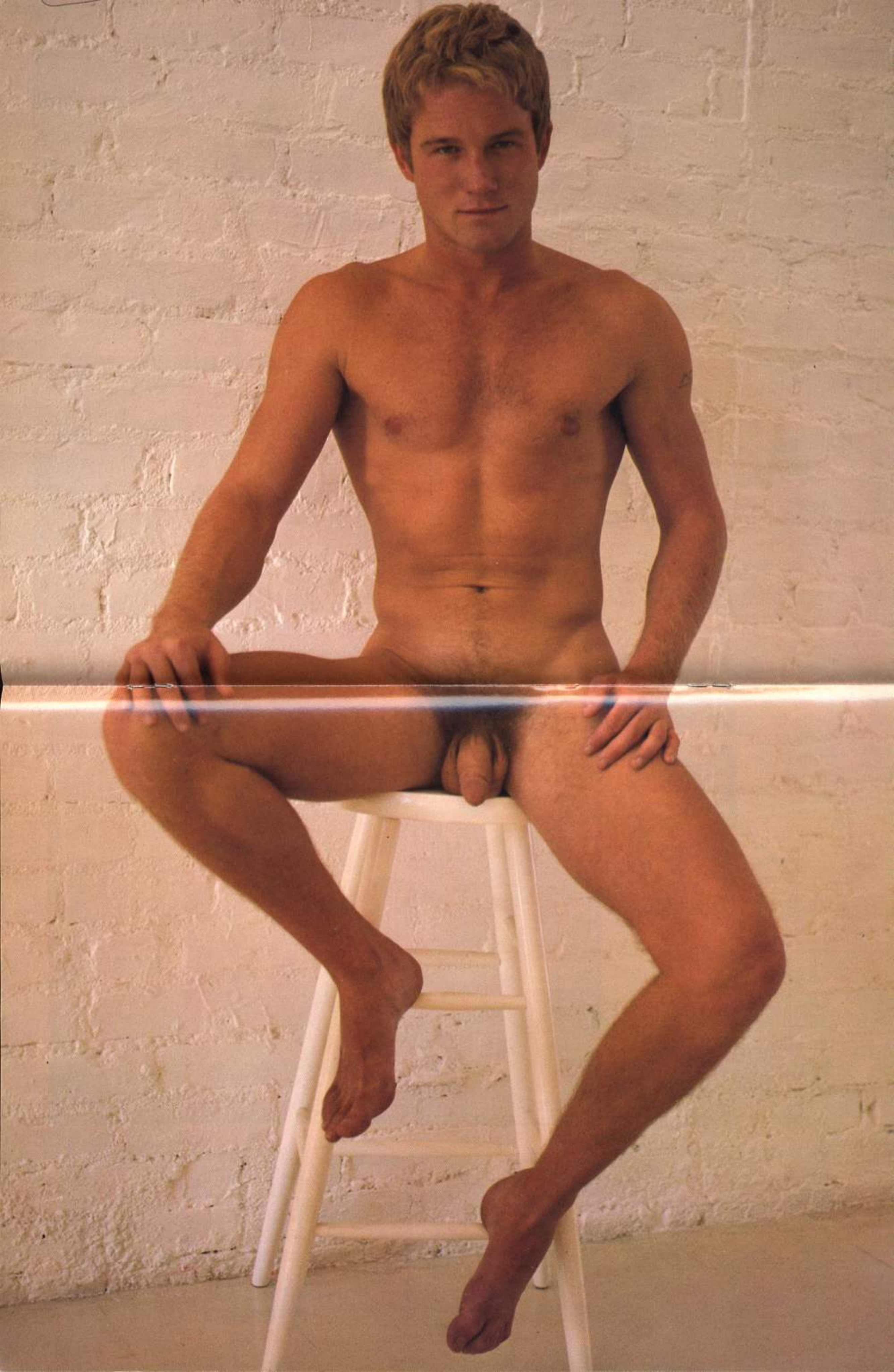














**G**ai, e (ghe) adj.; gay, cheerful, lively, merry, bright. While these adjectives are certainly as good as any to describe Paris (the city) they do not necessarily describe the gay (the person). And although, at first glance, nearly all French boys/men look gay, Paris is not the best city to be in if you are gay. There is a gay life to be sure but you have to live here to enjoy it. Passing through Paris is often a hit or miss affair. Add to this the sobering fact that prices for almost everything are astronomical and you'll get the idea that while Paris may be beautiful and some of the most beautiful boys reside here, it's no place to stay long unless you have a lot of time, patience and money.

"Where have all the pissoirs gone?" an American friend asked me recently. Well, first of all, or so the story goes, Tante Yvonne had something to do with it. She used to complain to her husband, then President of France, about the awful, pungent smell. Yes, pissoirs do smell but that doesn't mean they have to. The French, who never seem to do anything right, are just too lazy or too indifferent to clean

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*Freelance writer Peter Adams talks of Paris' emerging gay life, much of it moving from the streets to tiny gay clubs, like the Le Nuage on the Left Bank, where Yank femme impersonator Robert Etienne performs for Wolf Fiebig's camera.*

---

them properly. Be this as it may, Tante Yvonne is finally having her way — the pissoirs are going right before our very eyes. They began to go in the early seventies so that now you can probably count the remaining pissoirs on your fingers.

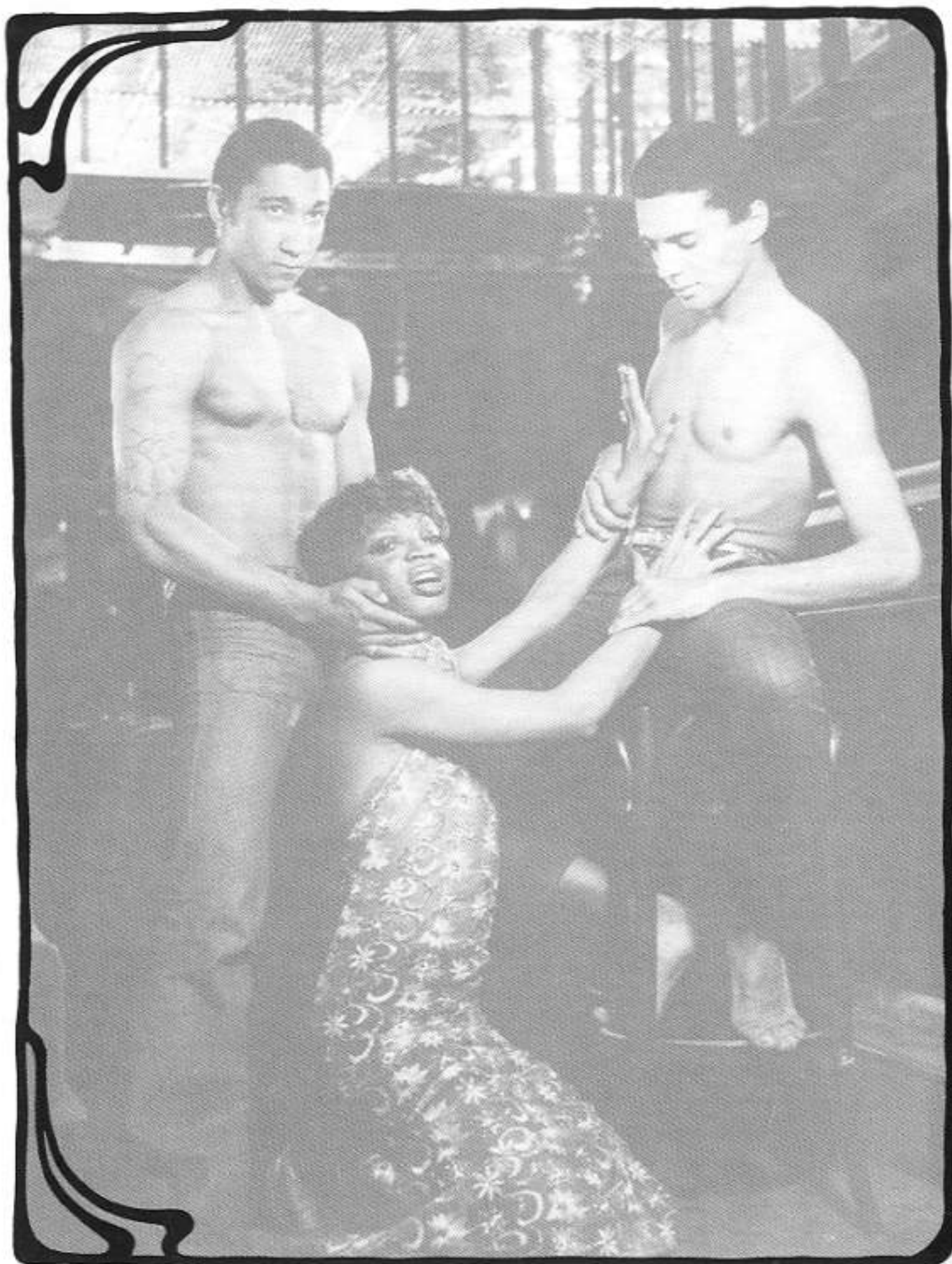
But another "problem" has reared its "ugly" head; and is, I believe, the real reason why the pissoirs are disappearing at a fast clip. Heaven forbid, homosexuals are cruising in the pissoirs. (Well, do you blame them when it costs an arm and a leg to get a drink in a gay bar?) Many of the pissoirs are divided into three small cubicles; so, in the beginning, the police

blocked off the centre cubicle. Not a bad idea, actually. It did dampen spirits. But Paris homosexuals were not put off and continued frequenting the pissoirs anyway. Only this meant more of them on the pavement, loitering until a paddy wagon rolled by, when they would all disperse. It became a game of cat and mouse. There was no question that the gays would tire but it was just a matter of time before the flics would. They have more important things to do; and they do. So

DIRECT FROM THE

AN,

PARIS





# CONTINENT

by Peter Adams

# PARIS

the cat has pounced and the gays will have to make do with what is left.

But what exactly is left? There are the bars, of course — most of them strung out along the rue St. Anne near the Opera and a few scattered around the Left Bank. While you can get a drink in a gay bar in London, Amsterdam, Bruxelles, Frankfurt, etc. for about one dollar that same drink will cost you almost five dollars in a gay bar in Paris which, to put it mildly, is outrageous. Obviously, the bar owners

are paying off the police or the Mafia or both. Nobody's saying, but there's no other sane explanation for such ridiculously high prices. And so most gays buy one drink and nurse it all evening; and who's to blame them?

Unfortunately, there's something seedy about gay bars in Paris. They're invariably located on dark, narrow streets or in little, obscure alleys. At some places you are forced to ring a bell and then someone peers through a peephole at you and checks you out. All this gives a kind of "underworld" ambiance despite the fact that the police haven't raided a gay bar in years. On the books these bars are probably illegal but the police allow them to operate no doubt due to the bribes they are wont to accept.

In short, homosexuality in France is kept pretty much under wraps; but nevertheless the closet door is ajar. Things are beginning to happen. In January of this year, for example, there was a debate on homosexuality on national TV preceded by a film adaptation of Roger Peyrefitte's "Amities Particulieres," a sagacious little story that couldn't have ruffled anyone's sensibilities. Also, there's a gay magazine "IN" and a bi-sexual review, "OLYMPE" which can be bought at most newsstands; although hard-core mags like "QQ", "BODY" and "CHAIN MALE" are nowhere on the horizon.

Homosexuality in the cinema is becoming more and more common. (Kollatos' "The Banquet", Vadim's "La Jeune Fille Assassinee" and Lommel's "Tenderness Of The Wolves" to mention just a few.) Hardcore male films like "Boys In The Sand" and "Bijou" et al simply do not exist which in a way is a blessing. Hard-core directors don't seem to know the first thing about film making and the "actors" couldn't act their way out of a paper bag.

I don't like knocking the gay life in Paris but there it is. If you come to Paris don't expect wonders; but if you've got the time and the money it can be a beautiful experience. Paris is not a city you'll soon forget. ●





# COLOMBIA





# contrast and tranquility in South America

WARREN CUMMINGS



For hundreds of years, Colombia has been known as the source of limited, but certainly some of the finest, luxury items. First gold (the famed El Dorado which kept the Spanish explorers in a state of frenzied search), then emeralds (the single most valuable gem-stone in the world), coffee (remember the TV commercial which proclaimed Colombian coffee to be the world's richest?) and now marijuana (just ask anyone who smokes and he'll tell you that Colombian is the Rolls Royce of grass).

These four interesting, if seemingly incompatible commodities, attract a rather odd assortment of people who come in droves to this absolutely lush and beautiful country.

Tourism has not as yet become a major industry, as in some of the other Latin countries, which is somewhat of a mixed blessing. Colombia certainly could use the revenue from the tourist dollar to bolster up its sagging economy but, on the other hand, the lack of tourists and their ever-present entourage of developers has spared much of the land from some of the horrors of modern progress.

This does not mean that Colombia is not a modern country. She can boast of four major cities with populations of close to a million or more, whereas her neighbors (Peru, Venezuela and Ecuador) have only two.

Bogota lies on an enormous, unforgettable, soft velvety-green plateau, nestled more than 8,500 feet high in the awesome Andes, surrounded completely by mountains which rise up into the low-

hanging clouds giving a mysterious aspect to this somewhat austere and aloof capitol city.

Here there are no seasons. The rain seems to come and go with a mind all its own and the constantly chilly climate, despite the close proximity to the equator, keeps the bogotanos more formally dressed than one might expect. Coats and ties are the rule along with the ever-present ruana which is a sort of poncho made of heavy wool.

More than 400 years old, Santa Fe de Bogota is a "traditional" city in that it is more purely Spanish in Roman Catholicism, language, customs and architecture than any other city in South America except possibly Lima. (Both Bogota and Lima were Spanish vicerealties from the 16th Century to the early 19th Century.) The Candelaria section still functions as the heart of the capitol and contains some of the most beautiful, and best preserved, 17th Century colonial architecture in the New World.

La Candelaria, Las Aguas and La Concordia with their ancient, balcony-lined passageways have managed to preserve their antique flavor in open defiance of the modern city which encompasses them and spreads northward giving some surprises on the way.

Some residential sections near the Parque Nacional and in El Lago are constructed entirely in English Tudor and Georgian style, with the exception of the roofs which are typical Spanish tiles. A feeling of disorientation settles in and one wonders just where the hell he is. In fact, some of the sections look more like towns in upstate New York than the towns in upstate New York

look. This is South America? This is Bogota.

Any Spanish colonial city worth its salt can boast of 365 churches — one for each day of the year — and Bogota is certainly worth her salt. Anyone who is interested in wandering in and out of old churches can have a field day here.

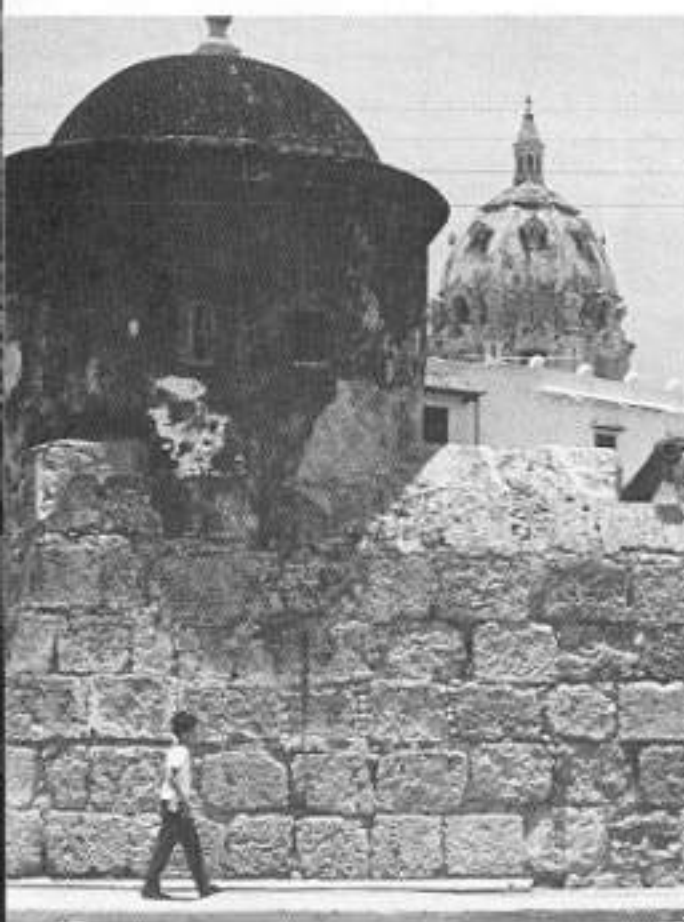
Perhaps the single greatest attraction in this thin-aired and heady city is the rather overwhelming Museo de Oro. The Museum of Gold (which is also the Bank of the Republic) functions as a sort of Fort Knox of Colombia with one significant exception: all the gold pieces are Pre-Hispanic works of art made by the finest craftsmen of the entire continent and are dramatically displayed behind glass walls. The value of this collection has been estimated at well over \$75 million. There's nothing like this in upstate New York.

In Colombia the climate and temperature are solely a matter of altitude. If you want to be a little warmer simply travel a few hundred feet lower and if it's travel-book-tropics heat and humidity you want then go all the way down to the Caribbean coast and its gem of a city — Cartagena.

Cartagena — that fabled and proud city of the old Spanish main — wrapped in massive stone fortifications to protect her from the rape and plunder of the glamorous but reprehensible pirates and corsairs. This gentle, old city served as the model for all those Errol Flynn/Virginia Mayo swashbuckling films which now beam out from the TV screen to comfort the insomniacs at three in the morning.

All of the gold, silver and





emeralds from Colombia plus all of the gold and silver from Peru found its way into the great fortress of San Felipe before being loaded onto galleons and sent on its merry way to the coffers of insatiable Spain. No wonder this was a pirates paradise. In the 17th and 18th centuries, this was certainly one of the world's major ports — if in fact it was not the major port in the western hemisphere.

Today Cartagena seems to be no more than a relic of the past — her enormous fortified wall, which encompasses the entire city, appears as useless as a winter coat and more as sheer decoration and pure self-indulgence.

It's a quiet and beautifully lazy city where it is almost impossible to imagine the turbulence she has suffered since four hundred years past. The only sounds and commotion to disturb the sensuous Caribbean calm are those generated by the vendors at the local outdoor market on the waterfront.

Outside of the walled city the area is slowly, and with a bit of reluctance, giving in to the progress of this century. Nothing too drastic — just a few new hotels and condominiums.

Out near the end of a little slip of land called the Bocagrande sits the venerable old white stucco and terracotta Hotel Caribe, complete with its tropical gardens filled with parrots, miniature deer, sloth and other delightful jungle creatures which all roam free.

Directly in front of the hotel is the Bocagrande beach with its collection of some of the most extraordinarily beautiful young men to be seen anywhere. The Colombians, in general, are an extremely handsome people. The mixture of the races over the centuries has produced smooth, brown, muscular bodies topped with jet black curly hair and large grey-green eyes. But on the coast, add to this combination a healthy dash of African negro blood and the effect is devastating. To see these young, dark-skinned Apollos — green eyes flashing — with their easy and unselfconscious display of sexuality which keeps the observer's eyes rivoted to the tiny, tight trunks which barely contain, let alone conceal, their contents — leaves an impression not easily forgotten.



Costenos they are called . . . and the word is couched in overtones of good humor and admiration because these boys are famous for their generous endowments and for their generosity in sharing them.

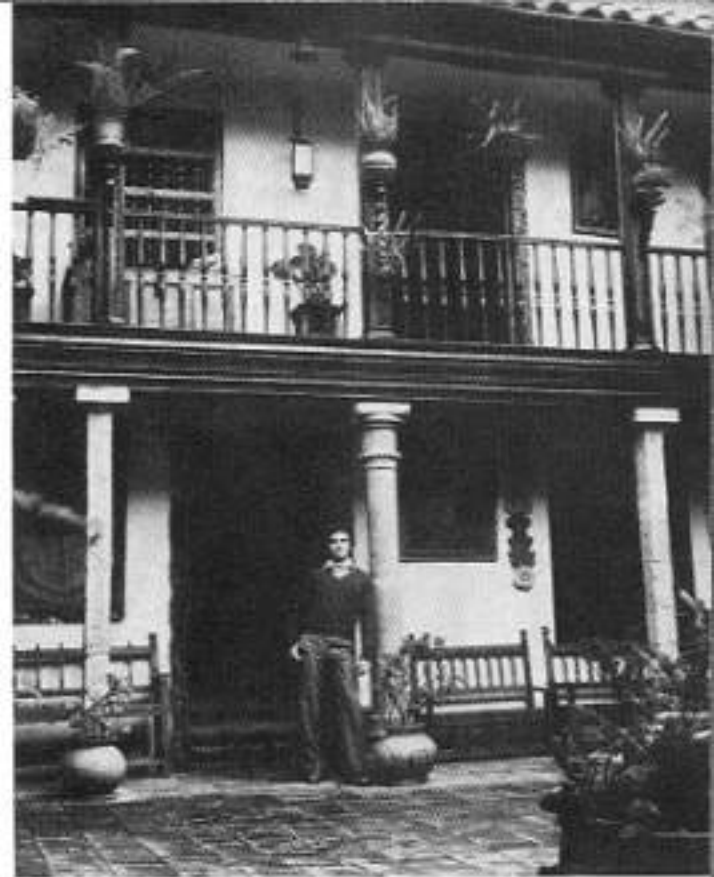
Homosexuality is completely illegal in Colombia but this seems to have little effect here on the coast. In fact, it seems to have little effect in any part of the country. Bogota has a handful of gay bars which are periodically raided by the police. When this happens the crowd simply moves to another locale — not unlike any other place in the world. At the time of this writing, the most popular place in Bogota was the Club Pisces which had just suffered a raid. Very often these raids are precipitated by the extremely unwise possession and use of the "Colombian Weed" on the premises.

Not one of the numerous saunas and Turkish baths in Bogota is exclusively gay, but it is interesting to note the rather advanced morals of the Colombians in that the Hotel San Francisco has baths for men, baths for women and mixed baths.

It should also be noted that Colombia is one of the least expensive countries to visit in this increasingly inflation-spiraling world. The \$80 per night hotel room, the \$40 simple lunch for two and the \$4 cup of coffee which are now typical in Europe and the Orient are nowhere to be found here. What one does find are rooms in the best hotels for \$20 or less and filet mignon dinners for about \$3. In fact the only items which seem to be expensive are the gold pieces and the emeralds and even these are priced far below what they would cost out of the country. The dollar goes a long way here.

Another plus for Colombia is the gentle, generous and gregarious good nature of the people. The softly spoken, uniquely rhythmical and impeccable Spanish is heavily laced with extremely polite phrases and makes the visitor feel more like a guest than a tourist. It's very easy to become completely enamoured of the special flavor — as rich as the coffee itself — which enhances this very special place.

There is a saying: "Life is alive . . . and well . . . and living in Colombia." ●

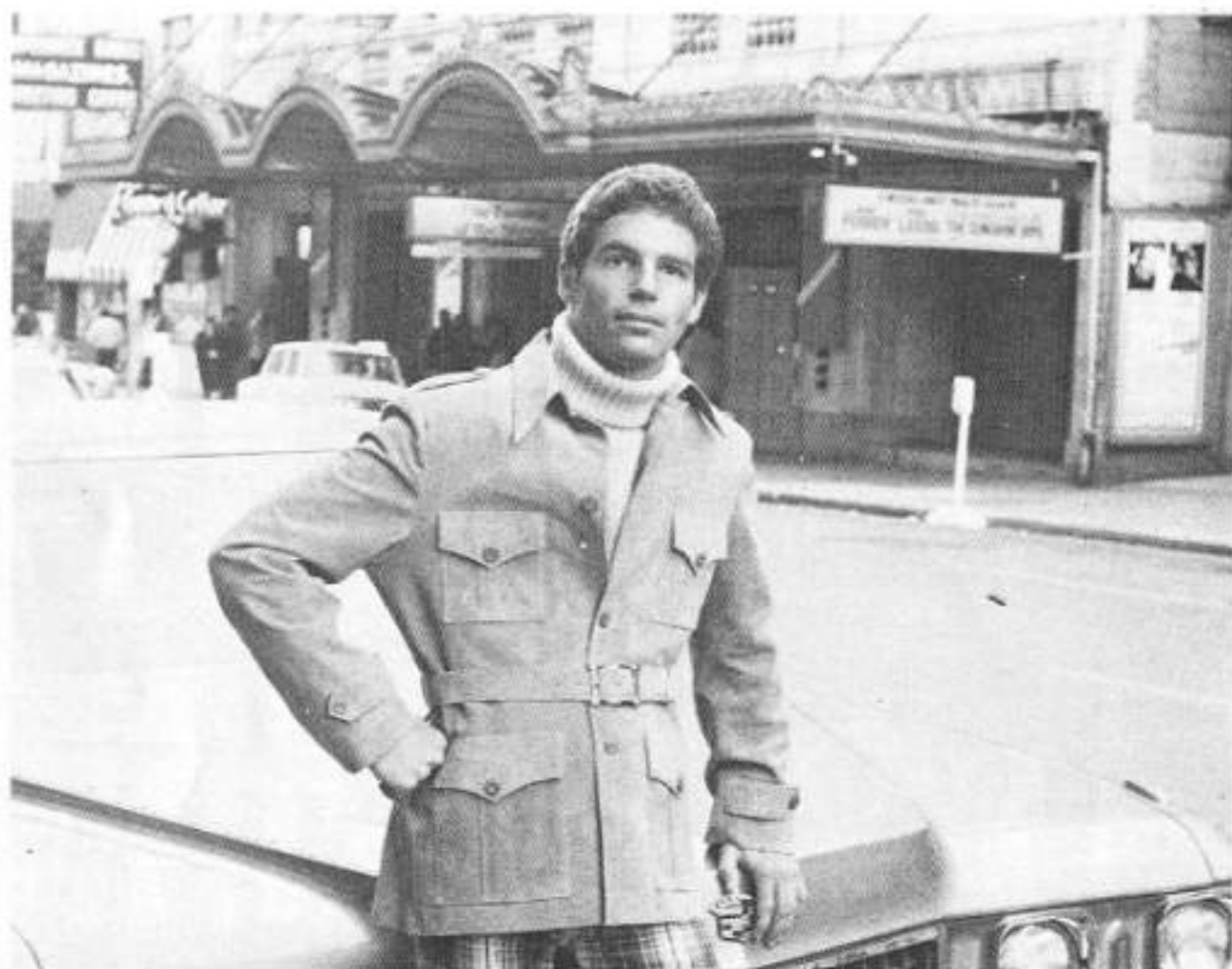




## GALLERY OF RISING STARS

# KARL ELLIS

## THE INGRATIATING BULL



By Douglas Dean  
photography by Dave Sands

**T**he most impressive thing about Karl Ellis, apart from his obvious good looks, is his courtesy and consideration of other people.

In an age when young men rebel against the establishment, and — like bull animals in a herd — attack their elders and the competition in a fierce effort to create a niche for themselves, Karl is a nonconformist. He's ambitious, yes, but there is nothing brash nor offensive nor overtly aggressive about him. He's one of the most polite and well-mannered guys I've ever had the pleasure of interviewing.

Perhaps this outward display of modesty — and I term it **outward**, because Karl is in no way self-effacing and inwardly has great confidence in himself and his ability — is due to the fact that he grew up in the shadow of an incredibly beautiful twin sister. "We were born in the Los Angeles General Hospital," Karl told me as we talked one afternoon in the flat he shares with his friend Jack Pierce. "She's twenty minutes older than I am, and until we were eighteen she was taller, too. She's gorgeous — always has been — and I guess I grew up with something of an inferiority complex because she was so well developed. A fabulous, fantastic woman, my sister."

He says this without the slightest touch of resentment or envy. It's clear that he's always adored his sister and probably still believes she's in some way superior to him.



Photo by Douglas Dean



At the age of five, Karl told me, he had decided that he wanted a theatrical career, some job in TV or films when he grew up. He's never wavered from that decision, although at one time he briefly considered becoming a scientist (he was fascinated with archaeology) and art has always been a secondary career with him. In the basement of the house where he now lives he has a studio and he's recently completed a series of erotic paintings which he plans to display at the Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco. (I had a look at some of these pictures and they're pretty sexy!) But drama and his career as an actor continue to be his primary interests.

Karl's father was in the Coast Guard and was often transferred from one base to another as Karl was growing up. The family spent three years on the island of Maui, Hawaii.

"It was a quiet life on Maui," Karl admitted with a grin, "It was pretty hard to get into trouble there. All you could do was go to classes and lie on the beach . . . But in school we did productions of 'Bye, Bye Birdie' and 'The Diary of Anne Frank' and I had my first professional experience in crowd scenes of a couple of Elvis Presley movies and in Otto Preminger's 'In Harm's Way.' I had no speaking parts in those films, but it was thrilling to me just to be there, with all the lights and cameras. The atmosphere of film making was very exciting to me."

He finished school at Dorsey High in Los Angeles.

"I intended to knock Hollywood on its ass. That's how naive I was!" he said with a laugh. "I saw an ad for a school which taught camera technique and I studied there for a year or two — and I was in a couple of independent films which got me my SAG card . . . I thought it was all going to be easy, but I learned that luck and years of hard work are both necessary to make it in show business."

At the Chapel Theatre in Lomita, California, Karl played Michael in a production of "Boys in the Band." "Boys' is a rather passe play now, but at the time it was a very stimulating experience for me to be in it. The run at the Chapel Theatre was extended, our production was

so well received . . . Simultaneously, Pat Rocco was doing his production of 'Boys' at the Ivar in L.A. and director Jack Pierce made arrangements for us to do an understudy performance there."

Jack Pierce has since become Karl's mentor, and it was his suggestion that Karl audition for the American Conservatory Theatre and come to San Francisco to study.

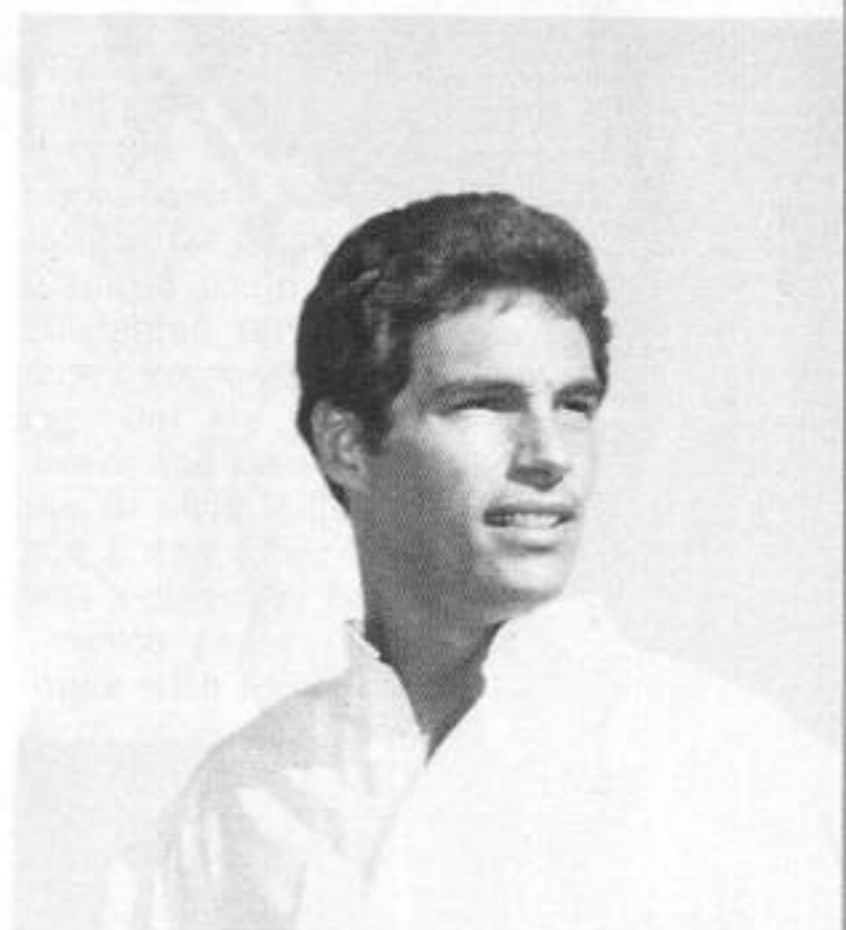
"ACT gave me some of my best experiences and some of my worst, on a personal level . . . I really wasn't ready for what ACT had to offer . . . What happened to me there was a shock to my system, but it was a healthy shock . . . I was given a scholarship and a fellowship for my second year, which meant I received a small salary. I did no major roles with the company, but I enjoyed playing one of the Pierrots in 'Taming of the Shrew,' and I did some good scene work and was involved in some interesting projects . . . I'd still like to join ACT someday as a regular member of the company. That's still a dream and an ambition with me!"

Since he left ACT Karl has done some professional modeling and had small speaking roles in two episodes of TV's "Streets of San Francisco."

"My views on sex? I'm for it!" he proclaimed enthusiastically. "Any kind of sex which makes a person happy, I'm in favor of it. So many people are considered strange and not all-together because of their sexual preferences. That's nonsense, an attitude like that. And sex is not just for procreation, either, in my opinion. We all need a sexual outlet; it relieves pressures and this is important . . . After all, it's not what a person does in bed that counts, it's what he does in his head!"

As near as I can tell, Karl Ellis has a head that fits just fine. He doesn't need to be one of those bulls in the herd who challenge the leaders; he ingratiates himself and is so appealing to the leaders that they want to do everything possible to help him. And in that way, I'll predict, he'll get the things he wants out of life.

A much together man, this guy. Watch for his star to rise in the show business firmament. ●



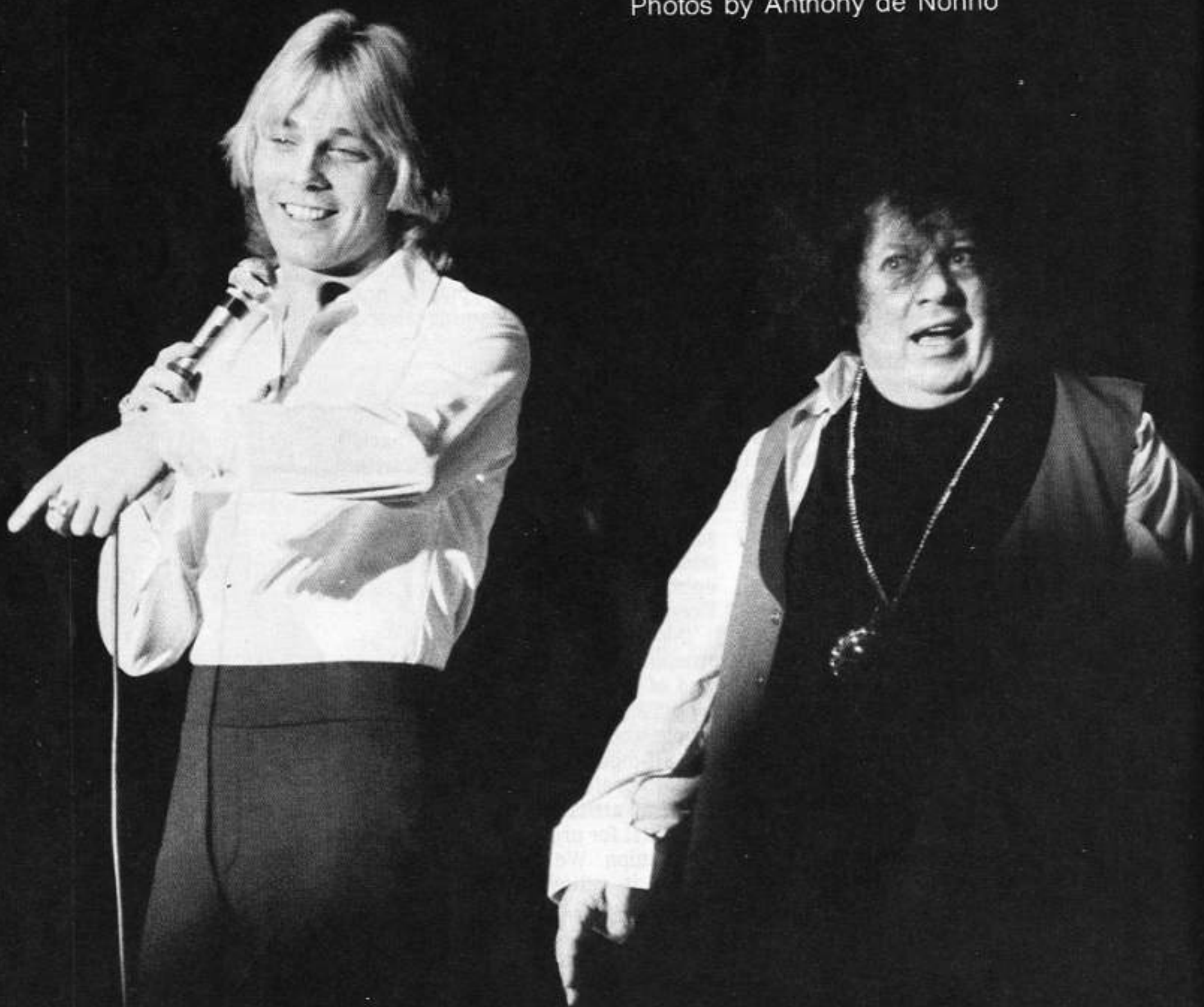


# KEVIN JAMIES

*It's not easy to be blond and gorgeous*

By JEREMY HUGHES

Photos by Anthony de Nonno



**H**e does not so much enter a room as he bursts upon the scene, sheet-white teeth flashing, sky-blue eyes ashine. Must be those thousands of times he's dashed into the spotlights at clubs and hotels and theatres all across the country.

His forest green tank top, tucked tightly into smartly-styled burgundy knit slacks, reveals a finely conditioned torso. He plants

right ankle on left knee, lights up a Saratoga 120, and begins.

"I was born 24 years ago, June 28th, in Queens, New York. My father is a lieutenant in the New York City Fire Department, and my mother's worked all her life in the Blueprint Department of Gruman Aircraft. I'm an only child. Spoiled rotten. When I was about seven we moved to Deer Park, Long Island. At Deer Park High I

played basketball, but my main emphasis was on performing. Both my mother and father were interested in show business, and all my school days, from grammar school on, I had all kinds of private lessons — tap, vocal, dramatic, you name it.

"When I was 16 I graduated from high school and went to the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque, where I majored in Voice





Photo by Charles Fritzen



and minored in Piano and Scoring. I swam some in college, but mostly sang. I was in the University Singers, the Symphonic Choir. I was a Sigma Nu. I was president of the freshman class, president of the dormitory. I had a little turquoise Comet convertible, the only convertible down there: all the cowboys had pick-up trucks. But after two years I quit in order to get on with my career." This comes as no surprise. Kevin James is definitely a young man in a hurry. You have to be, when you plan to be retired by the time you're 35.

"When I was home for Christmas vacation during my sophomore year, I made a couple of phone calls, blind, looking for club work. I had no agent, nothing at all. I called the Empire Room at the Waldorf, the Royal Box, the Copacabana. Just called and asked to talk to whoever was in charge of hiring singers. At the Copa I spoke to Doug Caudy, who's been Director of Entertainment there for 30 years. A nice man. And once I got him on the phone I talked his ear off, talked and talked and talked: 'Nobody really wants to help a nobody' and on and on. I really let him have it! So he finally said 'Well, come down on Thursday and I'll see you.' So I went down there on Thursday and walked in, and Doug set me down and wanted to know how old I was, and I told him 18. And he says 'There's nothing I can do with you now, get in touch when you come back from school in June.'

"That June he told me to bring down some material. Apparently there was a lounge group upstairs in the lounge, the Phil James Trio.

Phil James was the drummer, about 26, and he wanted to break out as a comedian, and wanted a good-lookin' straight man, a singer. So Phil James sat at the back of the room, with a cigar in his mouth, playing the whole star trip, and auditioned me! I came back to the table and he says 'Hey, you're pretty good, kid!' (This 26-year old!) So I listened to him bullshit for a while, and then I turned around to him and says 'Well, now that I've sung for you, I want you to go onstage and be funny for me. Make me laugh.' Well, Doug Caudy freaked! He says 'This cocky kid, what am I gonna do with him?' You know? Then I left. It was a disaster!" And Kevin James, taking a sip of his martini, five years later, laughs loud and long at the remarkable 18-year-old he had been.

"About a month later, it was like in July, Doug Caudy calls me up and says 'Look, we're having auditions for a production singer for our line of Copa girls.' I auditioned for it with six other guys, all in their 30s and 40s, and got the job. That's when I decided to quit school. I stayed a year, two shows a night, seven nights a week, \$114 take home, living in Deer Park, commuting 100 miles a day. Then I was the leader of a group in the Lounge, for nine more months without a night off, but we got good money. And during the day I was doing industrials, mostly sportswear shows. I had no personal life at all, even though I finally moved into Manhattan, on 55th Street in a four-floor walk-up cold water flat between 8th and 9th, one

room. They call that whole street the 'Dance Belt,' because all the dancers live there. All the gypsies.

"When the Lounge group broke up, I took a job as a page at NBC, but I got a call from Mort Farber, a manager who knew me from the Copa, saying that Marty Allen was looking for a new straight man, and I said I could do it. I never had straightened for a comic before. I didn't know what the hell I was doing. But we rehearsed for three weeks and then broke the act in at the Beverly Hills Club in Toronto, and I was a nervous wreck and it was a disaster. The headline in the Toronto paper was 'Marty Allen Stuck with Clinker.' And there we were, scheduled to open in the Main Room at the Flamingo Hotel in Vegas in two months, for ten days. Which was a test engagement, so to speak, and if we did well we'd get a three-year contract. Talk about pressure! But after that first show opening night at the Flamingo, Bill Miller, who was Entertainment Director, rushed back and did pick up our contract for the three years."

What on earth had happened since that disastrous opening in Toronto two months before, to a kid with a review that should have destroyed him? "Well, I overlooked that review quickly. I had to. And I regained my confidence. And we'd had a couple months to polish the act, break-in engagements at places like the Lake Geneva Playboy Club in Wisconsin. But still it was a freaker. I'd never been to Vegas before, and there I was, headlining in the Main Room: 'Mar-

(Please Turn To Page 83)



# ROBERT REISER

## Call Him an Artist

By JOHN MARVIN

CONCEPTUAL ART PIECE: WHO IS FOOLING WHOM?  
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I knew I was in trouble the minute I talked to Robert Reiser, the star of "Harrad Summer," about an interview for IN TOUCH. He would be happy to cooperate with me to any extent I wanted, he assured me, so long as we didn't wind up with a routine "young actor on the rise" article. That meant that I couldn't use any of the standby questions from the Tiger Beat school of interviewing: What's your favorite color? If you could be an animal, which one

would you be? That sort of thing. Bob Reiser is interested in communicating.

Usually an interview is a relatively simple thing to write. I sit down with an actor, chat for a couple of hours, go home and distill the most interesting points from my tapes, paraphrase where necessary for clarity or continuity, and trundle it off to the editor. But with Bob, I had to have a number of cerebral conferences, writing and re-writing various points, trying to capture

both his exact meaning and my impressions of his enigmatic personality as well. Neither was easy.

A mutual friend whom I share with Bob put his finger on one aspect of the man. "Most of what I know about Bobby Reiser is in what he *doesn't* tell me," he says. Likewise, most of my own knowledge of him has been gleaned from the ways in which he sees himself relating to the world around him rather than from anything he has told me about



himself directly. Unlike most actors he doesn't seem to like to talk about himself, and he often looks positively embarrassed when confronted by a personal question.

This is all the more intriguing in view of Bob's persistent desire to communicate as directly as possible with his audience. Recently, on receiving a scribbled fan letter from someone in Chicago who had seen him in a "Cannon" episode on television, Bob personally sent the fan an autographed photo, as requested, and asked in return for an autographed photo of the fan.

Bob considers himself an artist, rather than merely an actor. He works in several of the artistic disciplines, and brings a unique and fresh approach to them all. He was born and raised in Chicago, where he studied acting at Goodman Theatre before going on to New York. There he worked with the La Mama Troup, the famous experimental and improvisational ensemble, and he was seen in several of the New York-based television soap operas. He also played one of the leads both off-Broadway and later on Broadway in a play called "Criss Crossing," by Philip Magdalany, whom he considers destined to be one of America's most important playwrights.

But Bob was always interested in breaking into film, and so he moved to California, where he was immediately cast in a good role in the MGM film "Corky." From there he went on to a succession of television "guest star" parts and to the starr-

ing role in the film, "Harrod Summer."

In addition he is a writer, currently working on a screenplay about the American experience, which he hopes to become the "Easy Rider" or "Five Easy Pieces" of the new consciousness. He also commits time to painting and sculpture, and he has patented a new and entertaining concept in non-static art which he calls "Do-Dah" art. ("You've heard of the Dada Movement? Well . . .") And in still another field, he has created a very successful clothing boutique in Westwood Village, where he indulges his skills in what he refers to as "the business arts."

During our conversations, Bob and I covered such a wide range of subjects that I finally decided to present them as a collection of random thoughts, rather than in any logical order. Here, then, is a grab-bag look into the unique mind that is Robert Reiser.

**ON THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION:** "In the early '60s the Beatles, and especially John Lennon, acted as a catalyst for a cultural revolution that brought up the level of awareness of the entire free world. It reached out and touched virtually every aspect of our lives. I saw that era winding down about two or three years ago, and I think that the lid was put on the whole era with America's withdrawal from Southeast Asia. Watergate and Viet Nam were a catharsis of the American Dream. And so now we're at the beginning of a new era. I'm not sure where

it's going yet, but I know that it will be a radical departure from the past, as each new era is."

**ON HIS FRIENDS:** "I have friends from virtually every spectrum of life. Sometimes my friends from one spectrum can't understand what I see in someone from another spectrum. And in turn, I can't understand why they can't accept it. To me all people are equal . . . equal in their need for love."

**ON ARTISTRY vs. COMMERCIALISM:** "One needs to attain a balance between artistic merit and commercial merit, so that he may reach the widest possible audience with his art. After all, the end purpose of art is communication, and you can't communicate if no one is listening."

**ON ANDY WARHOL:** "I think Andy Warhol is a very important artist, whose genius won't be fully recognized for many years yet. I don't think that there was any artist who was more clearly a reflection of society during the sixties than Warhol. He was that society, and he captured it perfectly in his art."

**ON HOMOSEXUALITY:** "I have a lot of respect for the easy, comfortable way in which Gays make sexual contacts. It's more easy, more fluid than in heterosexual circles. It does bother me that some of my homosexual friends seem to have trouble accepting my heterosexuality at face value, though. Basically, I see nothing wrong with homosexuality or with heterosexuality, so long as a person

(Please Turn To Page 89)



In "Harrod Summer" — (from left) Laurie Walters, Reiser, Victoria Thompson, and Richard Doran.



Photo by Chindit Productions



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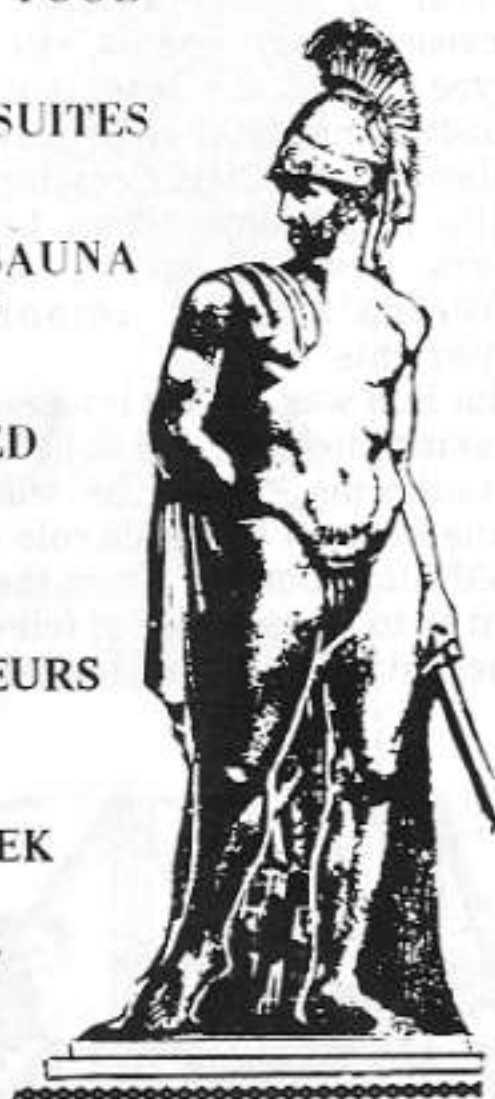
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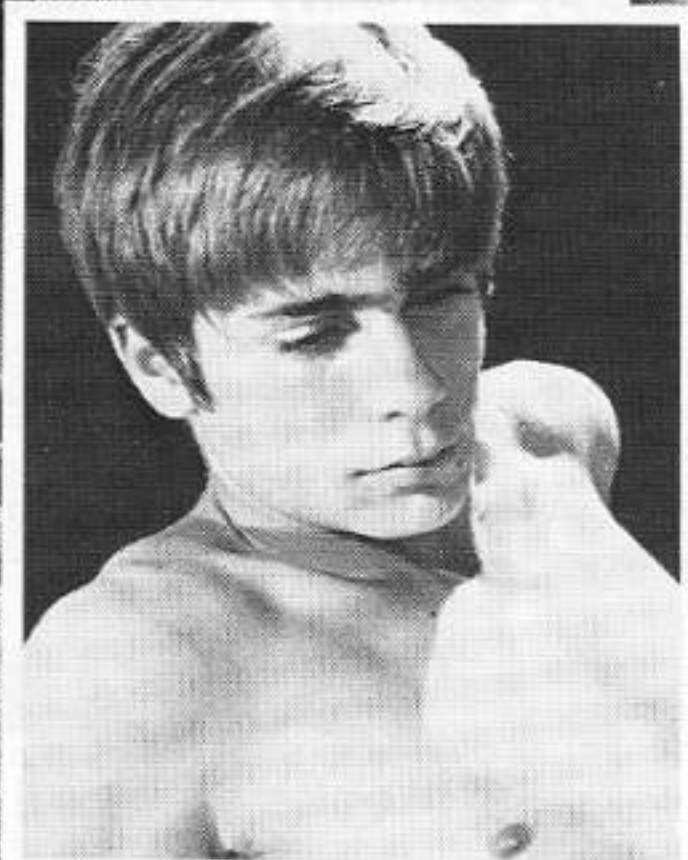
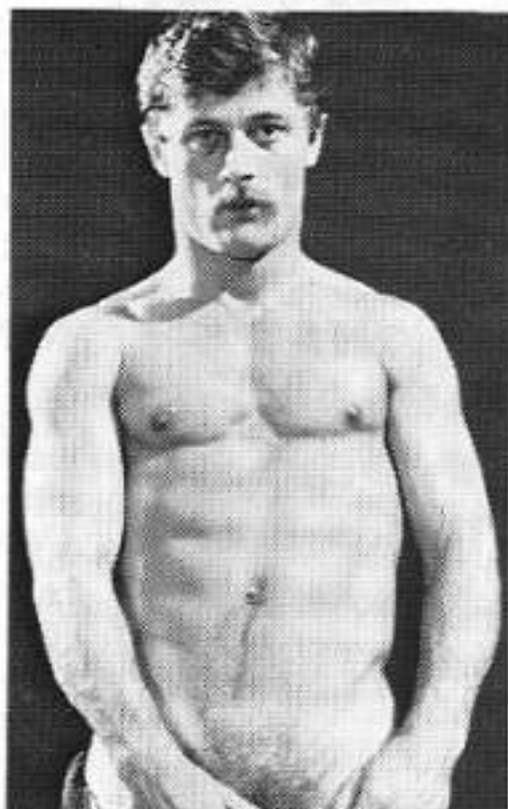
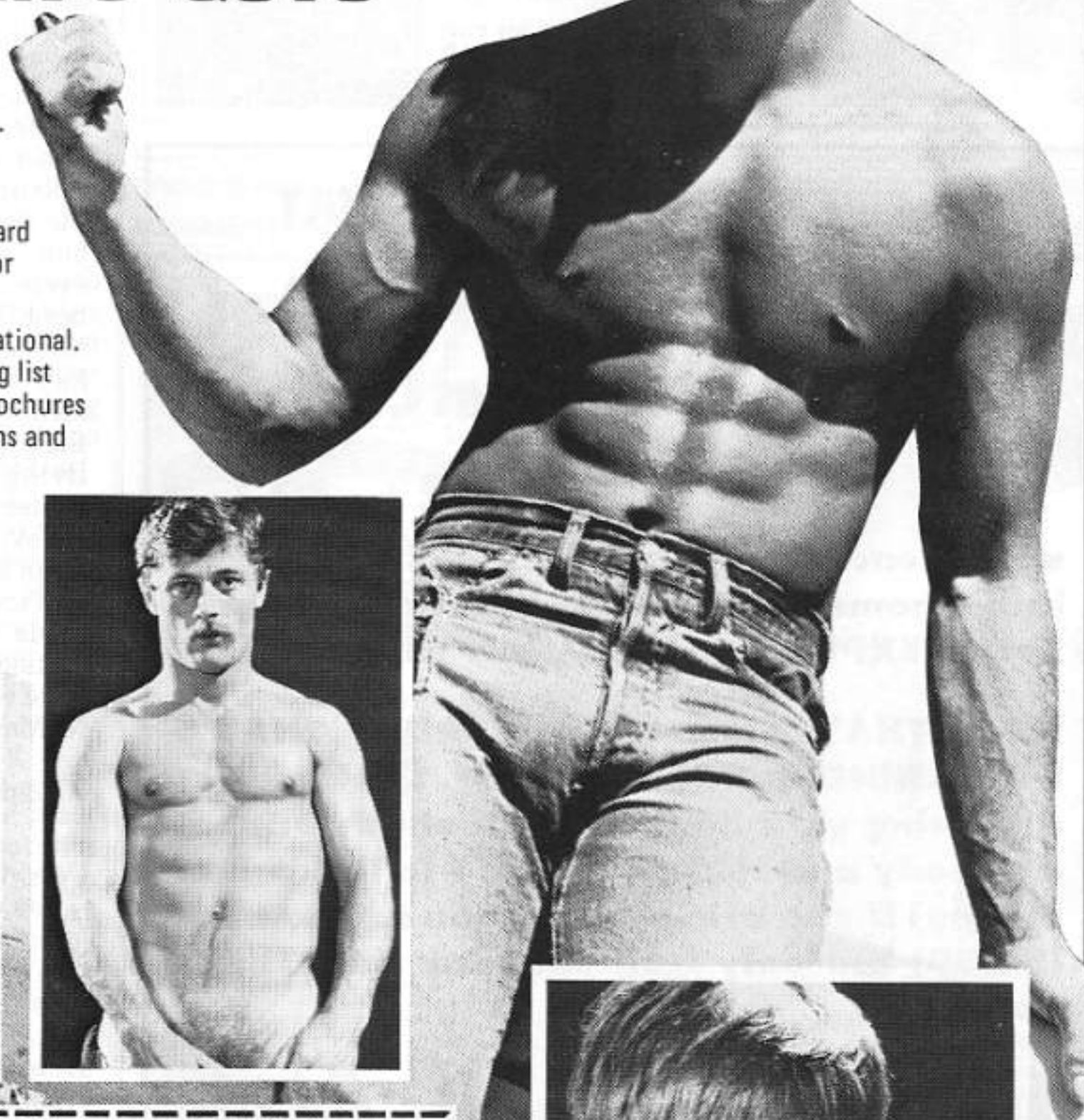
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LETTERS (Continued From Page 7)

where else to go but up," "boundless energy," and "vibrant charm," that every interviewee has been identified by. One has the impression that only the names are changed issue after issue while the prose remains the same.

In your pursuit of "slickness" you are perhaps demeaning your publication by offering the phony facade type sex object typical of Playboy/Playgirl with no regard to the inner being. You are stereotyping male attractiveness to male and ruining the image of a beautiful magazine that deals with gay consciousness and reality. As long as the Discovery is baring his ass, let him bare his heart and soul to let everyone gay or straight know how beautiful a person can really be inside as well as out. If he is gay, let him say so to help your readers identify with and be inspired during these still troubled times of closet living and selfdoubts. Quotes, quotes, quotes! Let's hear him speak. Hugh Harrison, Douglas Dean and Allan Leopold — your interviews with past Discoveries made me feel it was I they were talking to. What a shame to never have really known Ed Haney, Jack McMasters and Michael Delfino.

Al Zipay

Dear Al,

*You're absolutely right, and in future issues we'll do everything we can. Frequently a model has more to show than to say, hence the prose.*

Dear Sirs:

I'd like to congratulate you on a great magazine and look forward to reading every issue, but I have a problem. I travel a great deal and therefore a subscription wouldn't work for me. I have problems locating the magazine in some parts of the country. Currently I am in San Francisco, is there a bookstore which carries it up here?

Richard Lawrence

Dear Richard,

*IN TOUCH and other gay publications can be obtained at Le Salon, 1118 Polk Street in San Francisco. It's open seven days a week. Thanks for your inquiry.*




remaining talent seems to be making the contents of liquor bottles disappear. Although his magical talents appear to be on the level of my own (all thumbs), his comedic talent is unsurpassed.

All these terrific ingredients serve only as background to the magic, of course. They do the service of lifting this show above the level of an ordinary magical display, but that's all they need to do, so they stop there. The music never interferes with the trickery. The costumes only enhance the magical vision. The book serves the purpose of getting us smoothly and logically from illusion to illusion. That is just as it should be.

In the touring company, which has been winning rave reviews nationwide, the audience is treated to the artistry of one Peter DePaula. Young Peter was working in a little club in Greenwich Village and going to see "The Magic Show" as often as possible. His own magical talents were extraordinary, so he and Doug Henning soon struck up a friendship of the sort that only two great artists can develop. No one else connected with the show knew Peter had any particular magical talent and were meanwhile busily searching high and low for someone who could assume the lead role on the road. Then Time magazine came out with a special feature on magic and lo and behold, there was Peter DePaula listed as one of the living greats in the art of magic. They quickly drafted him for the role, and he was no disappointment. Although he is a great beauty, he retains that innocent, boyish charm that makes the role so amazing by its improbability.

"The Magic Show" has already been running in New York for well over a year and touring nearly as long. Its old age has done nothing to diminish the long lines at the ticket office, however, so I predict it will probably continue to run for a long time. If feats of magic have always amazed you, as they have me, or if you just like a colorful, musical, thoroughly enjoyable night out, try this fascinating show. You won't believe your eyes.

—LEEE BLACK CHILDERS



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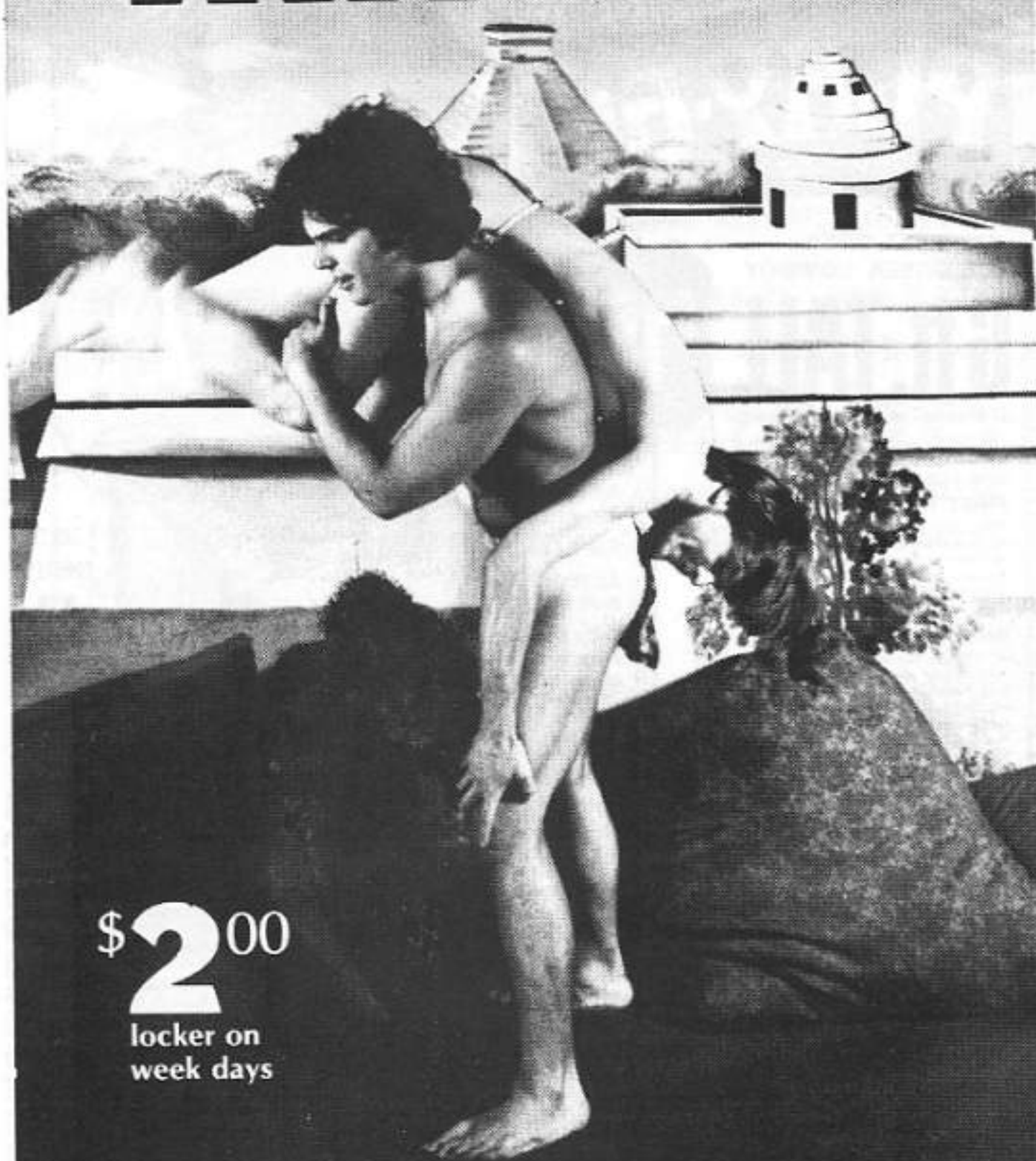


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ANN-MARGRET (Continued From Page 23)

would if it came up. Kneeling at her feet as she spoke I couldn't help but think, "State Fair," "Bye, Bye, Birdie," "Kitten With A Whip," "Bus Riley's Back In Town," "Carnal Knowledge," a fist-full of movies that she had tucked under her belt. They asked her how she separated her performance in a movie, from the performance she gives live on stage. "The communication when you're doing a movie is between you and your director and you and your co-star. It's a whole other feeling. It's great, but it's different than relating to a room full of people." She appears more concerned with the feeling she gets from a live performance. Her voice is strong and determined to stress the facts, yet never rises above a whisper. "I get strength from my audiences. From the moment I get on the stage, I feel vibrations and they are so strong. I might be really tired before a performance but I go out there, and when I look at them and feel the electricity, I do my dances and my songs, and I have a ball . . . with lots of energy."

She talked about the accident that nearly took her away from us in September 1972, when she fell 22 feet from a scaffold that was to lower her to the stage in Lake Tahoe. "I've noticed a change . . . since the accident . . . I used to be really nervous about big audiences, I don't know why, I can't explain that, but since the accident, I'm not afraid at all to look, to communicate, to look directly into people's eyes." I just sat there, quietly adoring her as the conversation moved along smoothly for about a half an hour. It seemed whenever she answered a question it was thoroughly thought out, and to the point. They touched on "Tommy—The Movie," a rock opera by The Who, starring Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey and directed by Ken Russell which was "in the can" but a week away from opening. They wanted to know where the characterization of Nora, Tommy's mother, came from. "From everything, from all through my life, whatever I have seen that pertains to this situation is put into the film, and of course Ken Russell talked with me, and I talked with Peter Townshend about the character." I have seen the movie



ten times so far and Ann-Margret's performance still leaves me totally wiped out . . . she's so brilliant. In the first ten minutes of the film she took my breath away.

Excited about "Tommy," her eyes flash as she tells them about a scene. "In the film Nora has a nervous breakdown, because she's tried everything possible but still there's no way to cure her son. The name of the song I do just before that is 'Today It Rained Champagne,' and it ends up with things coming out of the T.V. set, if you can imagine this! Soapsuds come out and fill the room and I'm thrashing around and laughing and screaming and jumping and moaning. Then, when that's finished, beans come out and I thrash around in them and throw them around." Her voice trails off and she begins to laugh as if she can still feel the sensation of the beans. "And then, when that's finished, chocolate comes out! I didn't mind that at all, but at the end of the first day I was a little nauseous." She confessed to me later, that her jumpsuit for the scene had shrunk a size or two, from repeated washings.

Curious as to how she can keep her creative sense flowing, and not get fouled up by the business aspect of her career, they ask her how she handles it. She explained it very simply. "I have absolutely no business sense at all, it makes me so nervous to even hear a discussion about it, I will leave the room. Roger takes care of all of that, and I trust him implicitly." An area of conversation comes up that I've never heard Ann-Margret speak about. They ask if she has room in her life to take part in social concerns, ecology, etc. "I do that, things that I'm concerned with anonymously. I'm an entertainer, that's all I am, I'm not a politician. I think it's terrific for the people who do it because they should do what they really believe in, but I should also do what I really believe in." One of the interviewers began to ask her about her friend, the late Cass Elliot. From her reaction I realized that this subject was much too painful for her to discuss in public. She was no longer talking, so I stood up and motioned for him to go on with another question. He quickly changed the subject by asking her, how she looked at herself in a film. "I'll tell you exactly what I

(Please Turn To Page 69)



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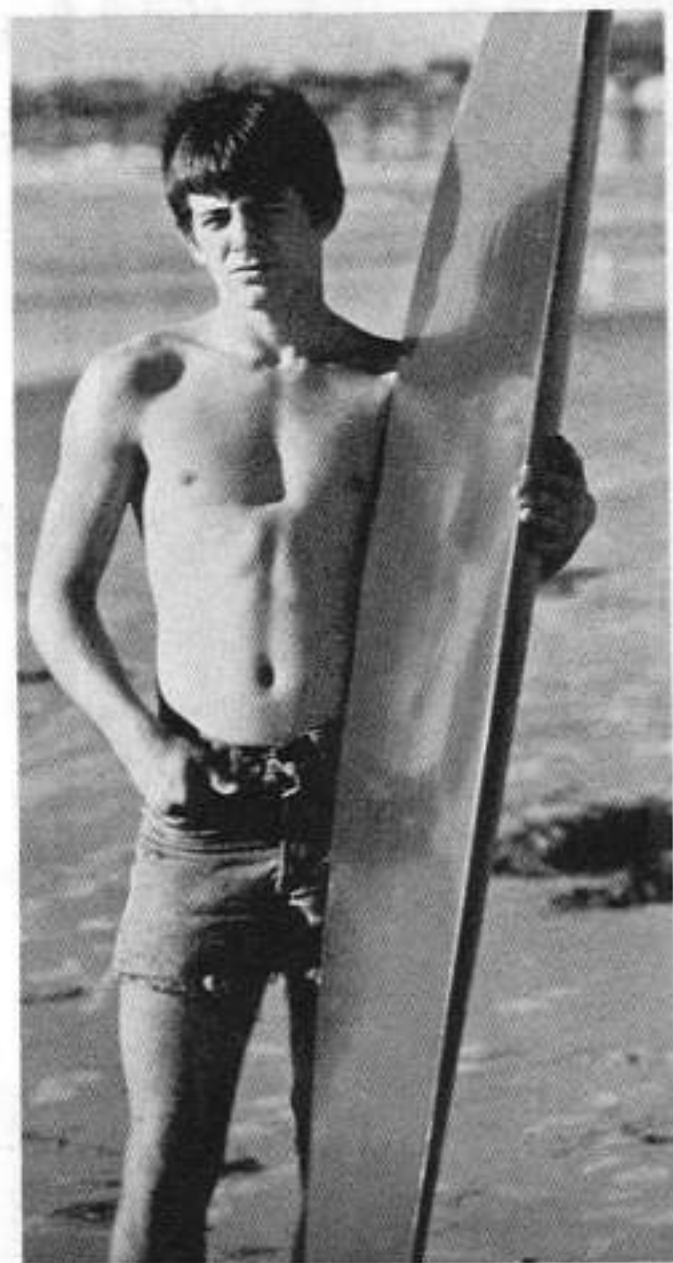
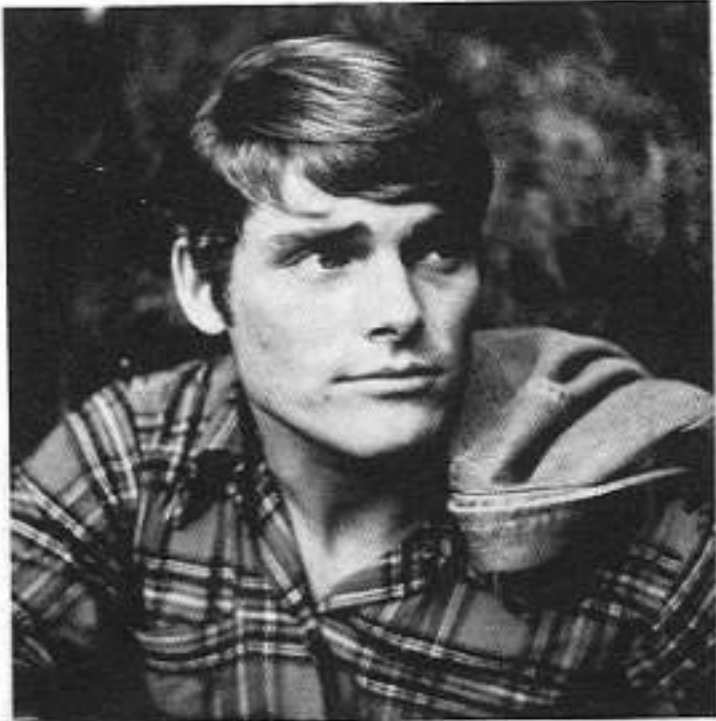
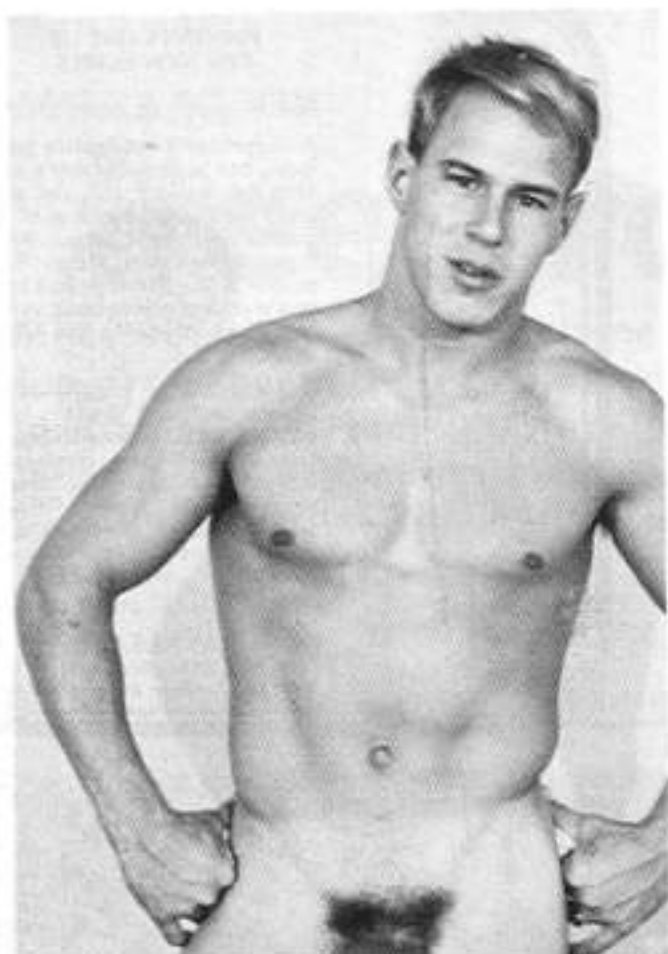
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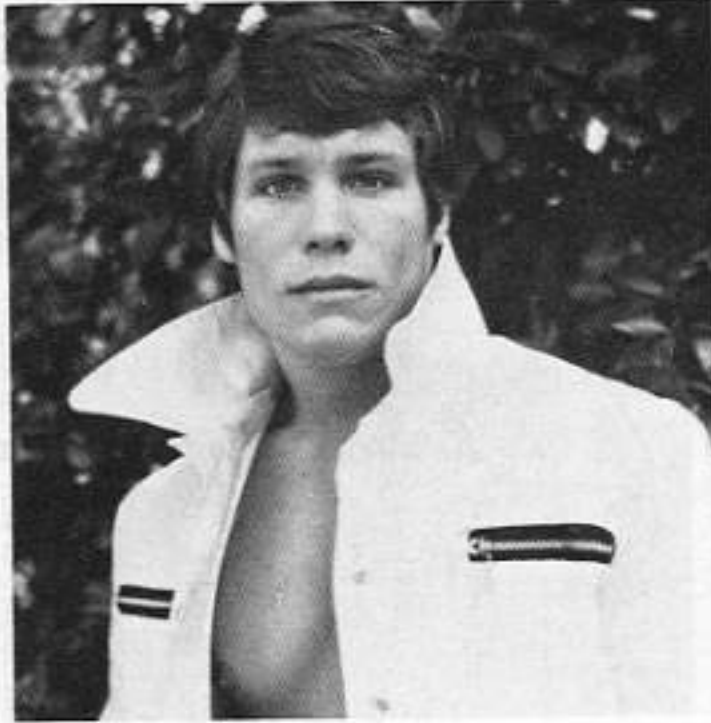
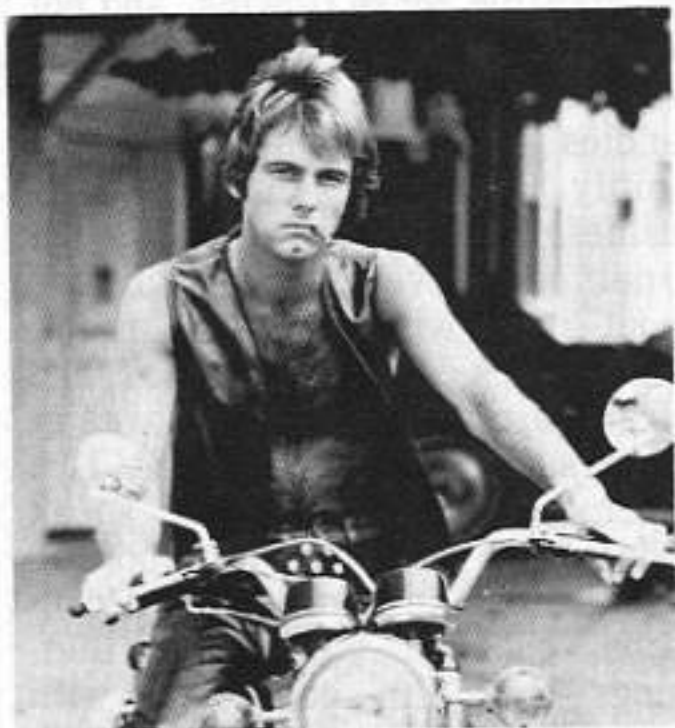
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do, in fact I have not seen 'Tommy' yet. I've done let's say 27-28 films and I see them all one time, and it's usually in the screening room, and I don't know who that person is. I never see it again on television or anything. I think it's because once I have finished something that's it . . . you know? I put everything in it that I have, and I try and give the very best performance that I possibly can, and I do it, and then when it's over with, it's done. I see it once, and then it's completed." In the background you can hear that the orchestra is set up, and doing a run through of all the nominated songs. It's obvious the interview is completed. As we stand up Ann-Margret starts snapping her fingers, and gyrating to the music until she has danced herself back into the theatre. It's time to rehearse, and she's raring to go. I moved down to the second row, and tried to be the biggest audience I could. She deserved it!

The next time I saw her was a week later, at a party, where she was accepting her, "Entertainer of the Year Award," from a major New York Entertainment Magazine, this time poured into a slinky Bob Mackie evening gown! She called me over to her table, took her purse out of Bobby Zarem's hand, opened it, and pulled out the little yellow plastic motorcycle, and smiled, but that's another story. ●

ONCE IN A LIFETIME (Continued From Page 33)

"Have you ever heard the story of the 3 Bears? There was Papa Bear, the Mama Bear and the Camembert."

"Miss Walker has a set of gestures that would do credit to a traveling derrick!"

If you've gotten the gist of this review that the show is funny, you're on the right track. It could have been a whole lot funnier had Edward Parone's direction been more of a piece and less becalmed at times. But the settings by Jim Newton and the good will engendered by everybody on the premises is ultimately contagious. The show looms as a hit for the Taper. I can certainly see why it was a smash way back in the Vitaphone era. You would be making a mistake to pass it up. ●

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Katz, author of the exciting New York play, "Coming Out!," has made a more direct entry in our field with *HOMOSEXUALITY, Lesbians and Gay Men in Society, History and Literature*, a uniform collection of 54 books and two periodicals in library reprint published at fairly high prices by Arno Press. (\$908 for all the books, \$500 for full runs of the *Mattachine Review* and *The Ladder*.)

Most libraries either have very few of the classic books on homosexuality, or else have them shelved in such a way that few students could find them. This series (and a similar one Dorr Legg of ONE is preparing for another publisher) will put such works on the shelves in a group, including some items recently available like Grosskurth's biog of John Addington Symonds, Lady Torubridge's of Radclyffe Hall, and such items as *Diana: A Strange Autobiography*, Ellis' *Sexual Inversion*, Cory's *The Homosexual In America*. But added to the reprints are several extremely rare items: the

Senate Hearings in 1921 on the Newport Naval scandal, "hushed up" by Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt; and several works in German including the 1896 reprint of the gay liberation writings of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, as well as a collection of documents of the Homosexual Rights movement in Germany and of the feminist/lesbian movements.

Priced out of reach of most ordinary readers, the collection is invaluable for libraries. Urge your librarian to order it.

*BISEXUAL LIVING* by Julius (Howard's brother) Fast and Hal Wells PhD is an interesting but often officious survey of a series of individuals whose sexual practices are at least somewhat AC-DC. The interviews speak fairly well for themselves, despite the occasional obtuseness of the interviewer, Fast. Wells' psychoanalytic contributions are pompous and vacuous, as illustrated by the following:

"Another causal factor is fear of getting too close to a member of the opposite sex. If this is present, the person can flee into bisexuality as an escape. The fear of getting too close to a member of the opposite sex may

appear to be a simple thing to understand, but it isn't. What has happened is that in the life of a particular individual a series of events has occurred that has produced a fear of the opposite sex. The fear makes the person shy away from the opposite sex, because no one wants to repeat unpleasant events." Etc ad pompositum.

Read the reviews and skip the "analysis."

*MOISE AND THE WORLD OF REASON* (Simon & Schuster, \$6.95, 190 pgs.) is the second novel by Tennessee Williams, one of the most provocative and poetic of modern American playwrights. Readers who have previously complained that Williams either disguised or merely hinted at the homosexual themes which always seemed to underlay his work, will surely not have that complaint here. But many straight-laced guys will find Williams' sudden frankness disconcerting.

If our civilization is based, as many would insist, on a seamless web of rational, complete and grammatically correct sentences, we may be in serious trouble as a generation grown up half alien to linear, logical think-



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ing. Rationalists won't likely get much out of this floating world story, unless they have at some time been charmed and mystified by some willowy urchin like the narrator here whose bright babble is both sparkling and touching without always making clear sense.

Can there be meaning in an incomplete sentence — in the incompleteness of it per se? The narrator, a young refugee from Thelma, is living precariously in an abandoned New York warehouse after his lover, a black ice skater, has departed this world. The story opens with a party in which Moise (Mow-ease) is announcing that she has retired from the world of reason, all things having gotten to such a sad state. Skates hisses and the last Blue Jay is filled up and the pencil writes on, on laundry slips and rejections slips, and sentences ramble and expire as Williams fills out the gentle, delicate and vaguely lost portrait of a few small people in a world (and city) far too big and frightful for them

B.B.B.

GOES BANANAS (Continued From Page 35)

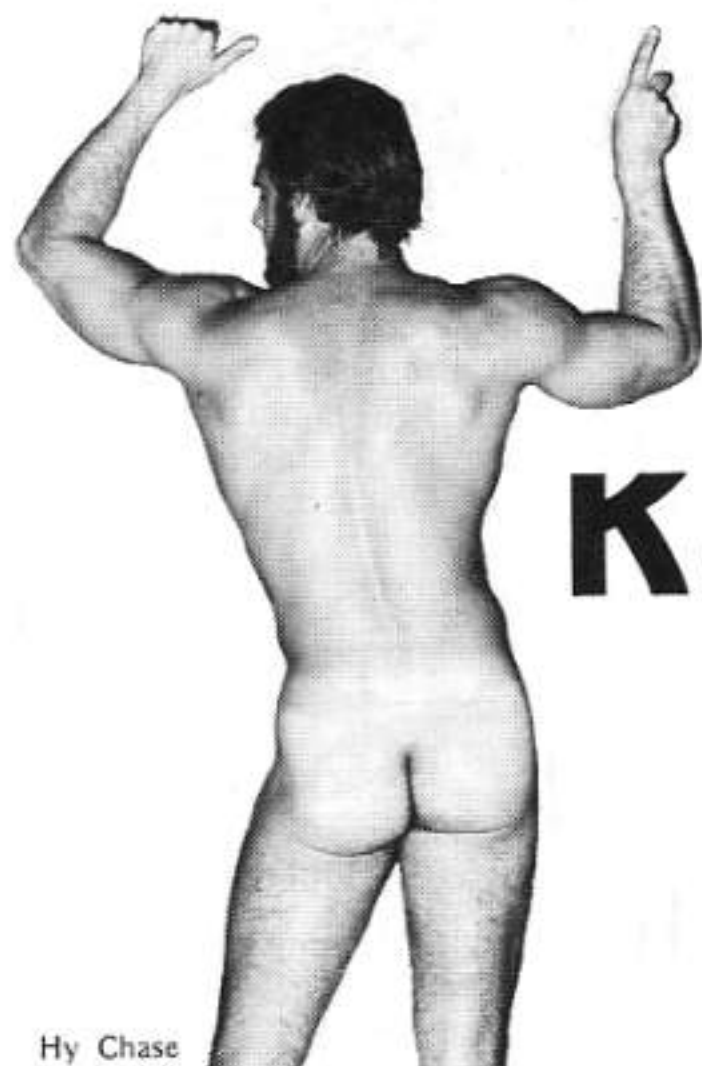
cient Fugazi Club in North Beach show after show. The packed house goes bananas at the climax of the show, when Nancy Bleiweiss sambas forth in a mammoth banana headpiece that just barely clears the top of the stage to do a hilarious parody of Carmen Miranda.

It's interesting that all of this well-produced and professionally costumed show grew out of the spur-of-the-moment whim of three of the principals, who decided a few years ago to become street musicians in true San Francisco tradition. That was 1973.

By 1974 they were playing the Savoy Tivoli Restaurant with the first full-fledged "Beach Blanket Babylon" show. From the Tivoli, they moved to the Olympus, a big nightclub on North Beach's Columbus Avenue, and have recently put the show into the 63-year-old Fugazi, a hall that seats 300.

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—TOM McNAMARA



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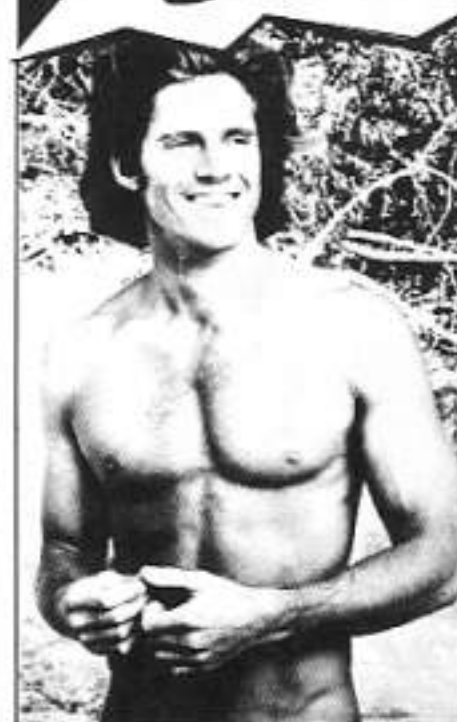
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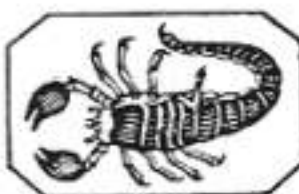
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## IN TOUCH WITH THE STARS

*Roger Asquith*



### SCORPIO



#### "The Magnetic One"

This will be a month of slow progress, it will give you a chance to appreciate your former gains and make the most of your conquests. Accept invitations and be prepared to compromise a little, take the rough with the smooth and give as good as you get . . . you have a lot to offer so spread it around amongst the needy and you'll certainly be appreciated. Don't listen to gossip about a close friend if you hope to get closer. Make the most of an opportunity because he'll only knock once.

### SAGITTARIUS



#### "The Optimistic Archer"

An energetic affair may be thrown off balance by a hidden obstacle . . . find it and bring it into the light. Take heart, most ills can be cured with the right treatment. Don't blow your own trumpet, leave that to a true friend who can play a better tune. Watch your spending, there is no need to impress anyone, they all know what you've got by now. Check your closet and give a few of your better duds an airing, especially at a chic party . . . but you don't have to be the belle of the ball.

### CAPRICORN



#### "The Ambitious Goat"

This is the Fall season when quite a lot of social butterflies like to hibernate for the winter. Get out your net, but catch one before he turns into a chrysalis . . . then you know what you've got. Guard your temper for a few weeks, it's wasted energy and it's better channeled into more pleasurable activities. An unexpected gift may arrive with a long string attached . . . check it out and you might find the string more enjoyable than the gift. Hold off on that intended spending spree until your bank balance looks a little better.

### AQUARIUS



#### "The Water Carrier"

This should be a strong and rewarding period for you . . . a chance to recuperate from a rather unproductive month. There is still time to burn off that dragging cold or improve the tan while the sun shines . . . and it's amazing how many other benefits you pick up at the beach or pool. Answer that outstanding letter or phone call while you are in a good mood and avoid making rash promises you can't keep. Your love life should improve but you'll have to give as much as you get. Enjoy yourself.

### PISCES



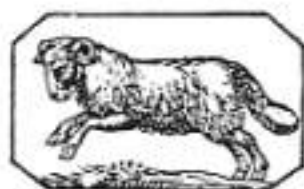
#### "The Mystical Dreamer"

Have you been fishing with the wrong bait? Haul in your line and see what you've got dangling at the other end . . . even the best salmon needs a lively fly. Look at yourself in the mirror and if you don't like the image splurge on some new duds. Remember clothes maketh the man, but that doesn't mean you have to take everything the salesman is trying to sell. Plans



will soon fall into place and help you achieve some goals . . . take it easy and everything will come to you.

## ARIES



### "The Originator"

Closets were made for clothes, empty suitcases and stag movies, so come out and enjoy what life has to offer. Many of your friends are eager to discover the real you. This doesn't mean a skinny dip or communal showers — just a get-together for dinner and small talk at breakfast. Take the bull by the horns and try it, you'll be amazed at what some of your friends have been keeping from you. At work your plans and ideas will be more appreciated. Accept a raise gratefully, even if it isn't financially rewarding.

## TAURUS



### "The Gentle Bull"

Venus and Pluto may affect your love life this month . . . they're planets duckie, not potential bed-mates. You can expect the unexpected and be ready to enjoy it. With your imagination who knows what might happen. Look for new sources of income, you're inclined to have more going out than coming in, so plug that gap. Since you're a homebody you prefer entertaining in your home, but it's okay to have a B.Y.O.B. shindig once in awhile . . . you can always provide the nuts and other goodies for friends to nibble on.

## GEMINI



### "The Persuasive Charmer"

You are perhaps a little too generous, some might call you a sucker, but that's a debatable point. Tighten your purse-strings and resist buying rounds of drinks, with what you've got to offer you should be on the receiving end more often.

Don't ignore a kindly offer from a friend, there may be more to it than meets the eye. You have a tendency not to see the wood for the trees and spend too long in the bushes. Open up more often and let others enjoy your interesting personality.

## CANCER



### "The Sensitive Crab"

Your social life will be more stimulating if you get out more and find out where it's at. You're not on everyone's wanted list, but they don't know what they're missing do they. Look after the friends who dig you and through them you'll meet others you can dig . . . but avoid dishing the dirt. Money matters should improve later in the period, but you would be well advised to pay debts or bank it rather than splurge. Watch your diet. Exercise and avoid too many sweet things unless they stay for the weekend.

## LEO



### "The Romantic Ruler"

If you are the outdoor type and the summer months have taken their toll of your natural juices, take plenty of vitamins and stoke up your energy for the balance of the season . . . there's a lot to come. Make friends in the warm summer months when it's all hanging out and find out where it's at for those long winter evenings. Ignore the bleatings of a so-called friend, he's envious of your popularity. Tell him to go shopping for his own goodies . . . and not in your backyard. Avoid hitch-hiking unless it's a Cad-dy or Rolls.

## VIRGO



### "Nature's Child"

If you have an enviable tan, take your shirt off and expose it . . . the tan that is. You are coddled because of your warm intimate glow, but there is nothing wrong in

adding a few bonus points to the overall package. And speaking of an overhaul, if you're over thirty, watch those late nights and extra helpings . . . crows feet and spare tires are for black birds and grease monkeys. Toward the end of the period you will make a new friend. Cultivate him, especially if he's got warm hands and feet.

## LIBRA



### "The Gentle Charmer"

You've had a ball this summer, haven't you. Done everything and everybody. Now it's time to consolidate your acquisitions by inviting them to dinner and showing off your assets. Polish up the silver and make that crystal sparkle and be prepared for some compliments when you show him your object d'art in the bedroom . . . and they say women are fickle! Take it easy with the do-nuts . . . in fact don't take them at all. Think thin.

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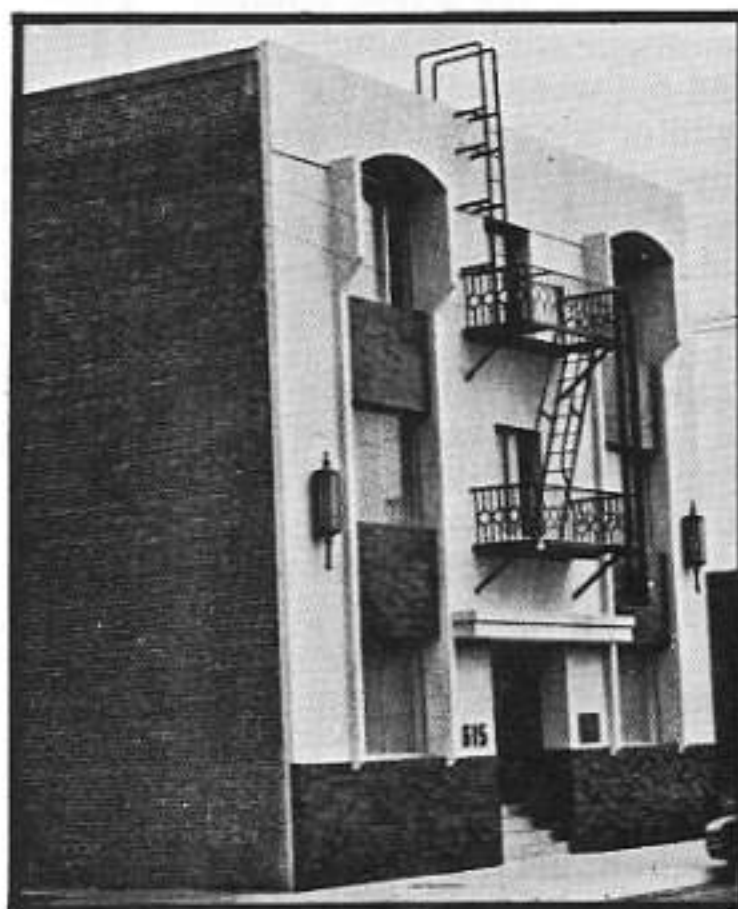
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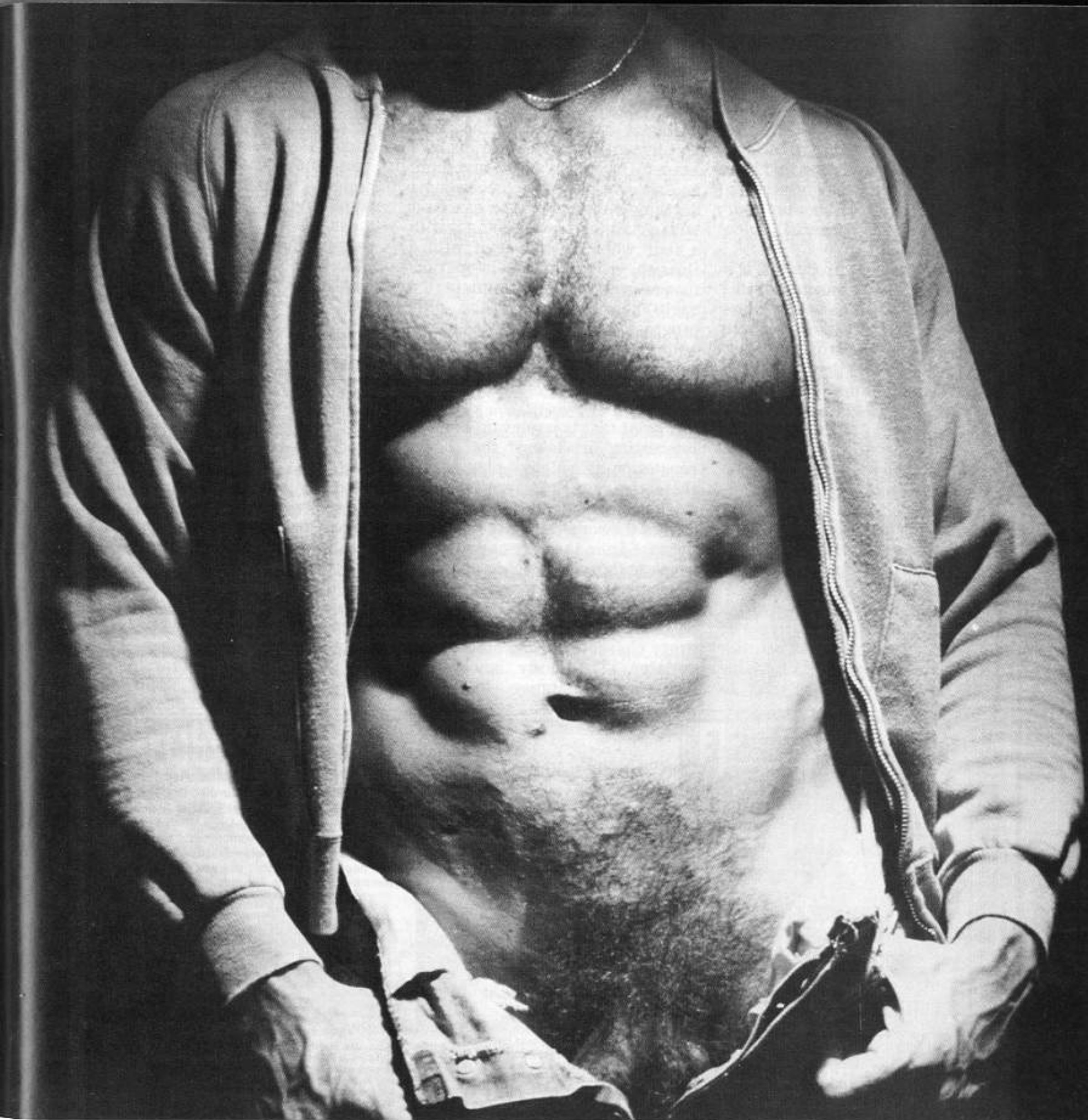
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play details the growing respect and friendship between the two men, culminating in the suggestion that Jimmy might come out of his closet and find love and happiness with his ingratiating little "alley cat." In another year they may be a sort of sexual Chico and the Man.

The San Francisco production is a slick, professionally mounted rendition of the play, which has been extensively re-written since its shaky assault on Broadway last year. Even so, further re-writes would seem in order. There is a scene with three gay friends of Jimmy which simply does not work, despite considerable attention already. The function of the scene — to give Jimmy and Vito a common enemy — is necessary, but Mr. Kirkwood should consider finding a whole new method to accomplish it.

Jeff Druce, a handsome young actor whose work in Los Angeles' Group Repertory Company has already earned him the respect of this reviewer, easily walks off with the show in the role of Vito. One would think it would be easy to

compete with an actor tied face down to a cabinet, but Robert Foxworth, in the difficult and thankless role of Jimmy, utilizes every bit of upstaging schtick in his repertoire, and just manages to hold his own against Druce. He's here and there and all over the stage, never doing anything simply when he can do it with a flair, and never doing it with a flourish. His flamboyant performance works against him in the early scenes, but as the play progresses and Jimmy loosens up with alcohol and pot, he displays a comic ability that leaves an ultimately very favorable impression.

A point that is irrelevant but still interesting in view of the show's reputation as a "gay" play is that the entire San Francisco company was in fact straight. Attitudes toward the homosexuality reportedly range from the very uptight Foxworth to the super-cool Druce, who ironically has the most cause for apprehension — his bare ass becomes the center of attention to every character in the play sooner or later. (The nudity, however, is far from exploitative. Indeed, if

you're in the wrong section of the theater, you'll never get a glimpse of the much-discussed bottom at all.)

For straight audiences and gay alike, "P.S. Your Cat Is Dead" is a light and pleasing soufflé. It is designed to entertain, which it does admirably, all the while slipping a message of tolerance and understanding in the back door, rather like the proverbial thief in the night.

—JOHN MARVIN

SPECIAL FRIENDS (Continued From Page 35)

disinvolved and more direct hand.

Surely he could have meshed the performers a bit better. Top featured Jack Wrangler needs that kind of a firm hand. There is no doubt that he is talented and very certainly attractive. He is funny. He does get all his laughs. He does have a distinct character and keeps him firmly in hand all evening. He is, however, just too big for this small house and has a tendency to throw away Denis' (the ex-hustler) most telling moments for a few easy, quick laughs. He has chosen to follow only the plays farcical element but, because the other actors

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are playing on a far more realistic level, seems to be in the wrong play. His go-go dance in the first act has far more to say about his character than the entire rest of his performance

Zane Tamas, as Ted, has none of these problems. With wit and finesse, he alone was able to tread that thin line between farce and reality with cool abandon. He didn't make one false move all evening and, in doing so, made everyone really care about his aging, butch queen who's happily settled for the love of the ex-hustler. No doubt, Tamas is the hero of the evening and his razor sharp portrayal is telling, honest and alone more than worth the price of admission.

After a slow start in the first act, Randy Blake as Nicky finally warmed up and turned a nice performance in. He worked well in the purely romantic aspects of the script but was never able to even approach its farcical elements. As Roger, who should have been the play's backbone, Daniel Lee Crotty fell far short. During the realistic moments he rushed his lines and threw away all his ideas; while, during the comic ones, his timing

was totally off. I fear Crotty just wasn't up to the evening and not ready for a part that required that much range. Bernard Bolter, in what seemed to be a last minute, tacked on bit as a delivery boy, also played for pure farce. He managed to make it work and work well. He did, in his small, funny turn, help end the play with a high comic sheen.

Still, I'd not only suggest you see the play, I'd most definitely urge you to do so. It isn't often we get to see our problems presented so tellingly and so directly. The elements of enjoyment and fun, Tamas' performance, Wranglers' dance and even those few flashes of frontal nudity, help add up to an evening well spent. I will be very anxious to to see the Los Angeles production. This a good play, a very good play, no doubt about that, but I can't help feeling that, with a couple of cast changes, a real kock-about, funny approach, firmer direction and a bit of rewriting it can be an even better one. In short, inside this good play there is a really excellent one trying to get out.

HUGH HARRISON



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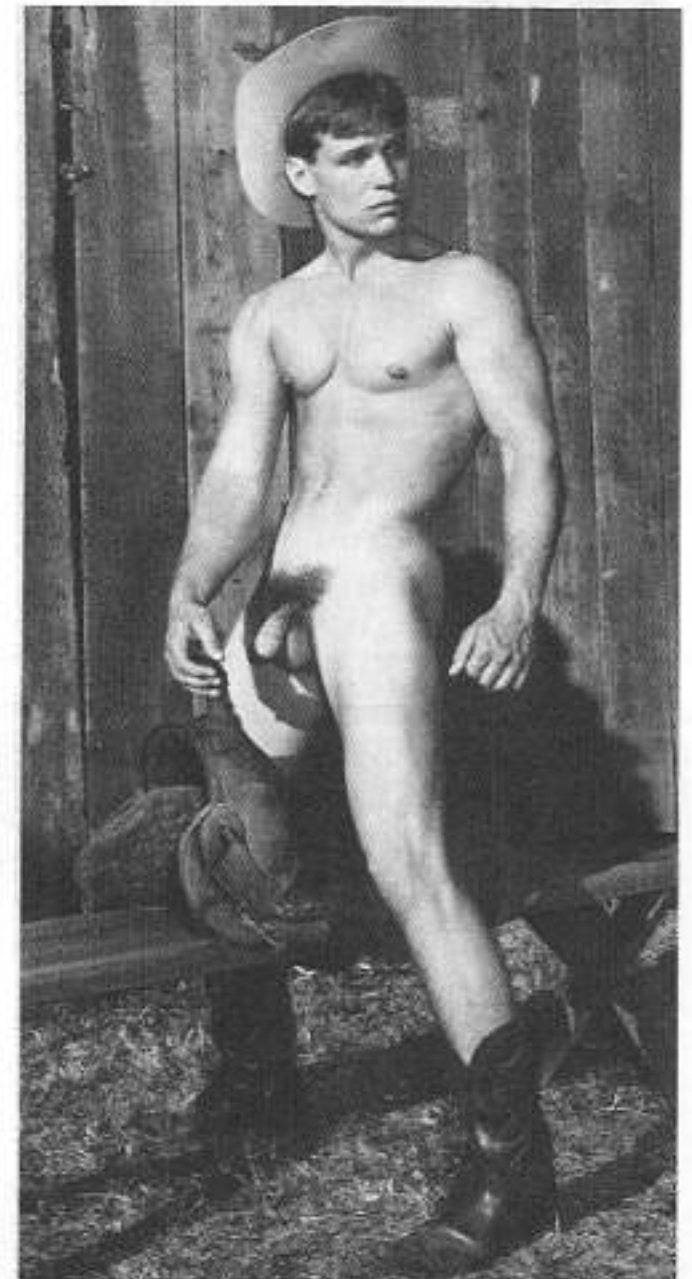
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THE RITZ (Continued From Page 31)

mean LIFE, by F. Murray Abraham who's got to be one of the funniest actors I've seen in a long time. Then there are Tiger and Duff, the two bath-house attendants who have "been lovers for three years" and who are used to fill in at certain times and show their bodies to others. These two rather thankless parts are played by Larry Gilman and Christopher J. Brown respectively, who do their best to add some dimension to these otherwise linear characters. And of course there is Googie Gomez, the resident entertainer, the Charro of the Tubs, the hispanic Daisy Clover, portrayed by Rita Moreno, and for which Miss Moreno deservedly received the Tony Award. She's sort of like Mama Rose, Baby June, and Catalina Ximinez all rolled into one. And Miss Moreno almost walks off with the show. She gives a performance that is that of a movie actress stepped up a notch — she is totally real and yet fits perfectly on stage in a very broad comedy. She is excellent. She is also the luckiest of the cast because her character, as performer and as MC of the "talent show" gets to communicate directly with her very appreciative audience, giving her an immediate rapport that the other actors have to work for.

Into this slightly (!) bizarre world steps Proclo, the family man on the run, played as only Jack Weston can play the poor unfortunate in the grip of circumstance bravely fighting for laughs while standing in it up to his waist. And Carmine Vespucci (Jerry Stiller), the greying James Caan seeking vengeance. With Weston's shy fatalism and cornered desperation and Stiller's bombastic Italian family spirit, and throwing in the fact that both characters are unable to cope with the scene in general, the humor is often wild, ribald, and always at the very least, funny. With them the main characters bring two others — Stephen Collins who plays Michael Brick, a very attractive, butch-looking detective with a voice like Tiny Tim's; and Vivian Proclo, the wronged sister/wife played by Ruth Jaroslow. These two actors also add to the comedy, bringing two other very straight attitudes to grips with towels and bared bodies not generally encountered. And I



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guess it is a credit to Robert Drivas, the director, that the whole show is not only a very good comedy, but also an evening during which you might actually forget that you are in a theatre and feel, as I did, that I was at THE RITZ.

—JEREMY STOCKWELL

DOC SAVAGE (Continued From Page 40)

ly chosen, each looking as though he had just stepped from the pages of a comic book. The pace, the music, virtually every aspect of the film is well chosen to augment the basic concept of the film. In fact, there's really nothing too terribly wrong with "Doc Savage" except the concept, but a film without a concept it, to coin a cliché, like a day without sunshine. Or a superhero without balls.

A BOY & HIS DOG (Continued From Page 41)

job of seeing to it that every penny of his limited budget found its way up onto the screen. Much of the film was shot on location on a deserted Army missile base in the California desert, which was used to imaginative effect.

All in all, "A Boy And His Dog" is to be recommended as an interesting twist on an old science-fiction tale and as an entertaining film in every respect. In the hands of a proper distributor and publicist, it could certainly find a large and appreciative audience. Too bad its makers seem determined to abort it with mismanagement.

MARRIAGE TROUGH (Continued From Page 41)

nice bottom in addition to the standard compliment of other equipment. However, the film as a whole is such that it is certainly not worth sitting through purely for Mr. Garry's backside. Whether or not one is up to it is a matter of taste, I suppose, but anyone with the guts, and more importantly the stomach, to sit it out may come away pleased that he did.

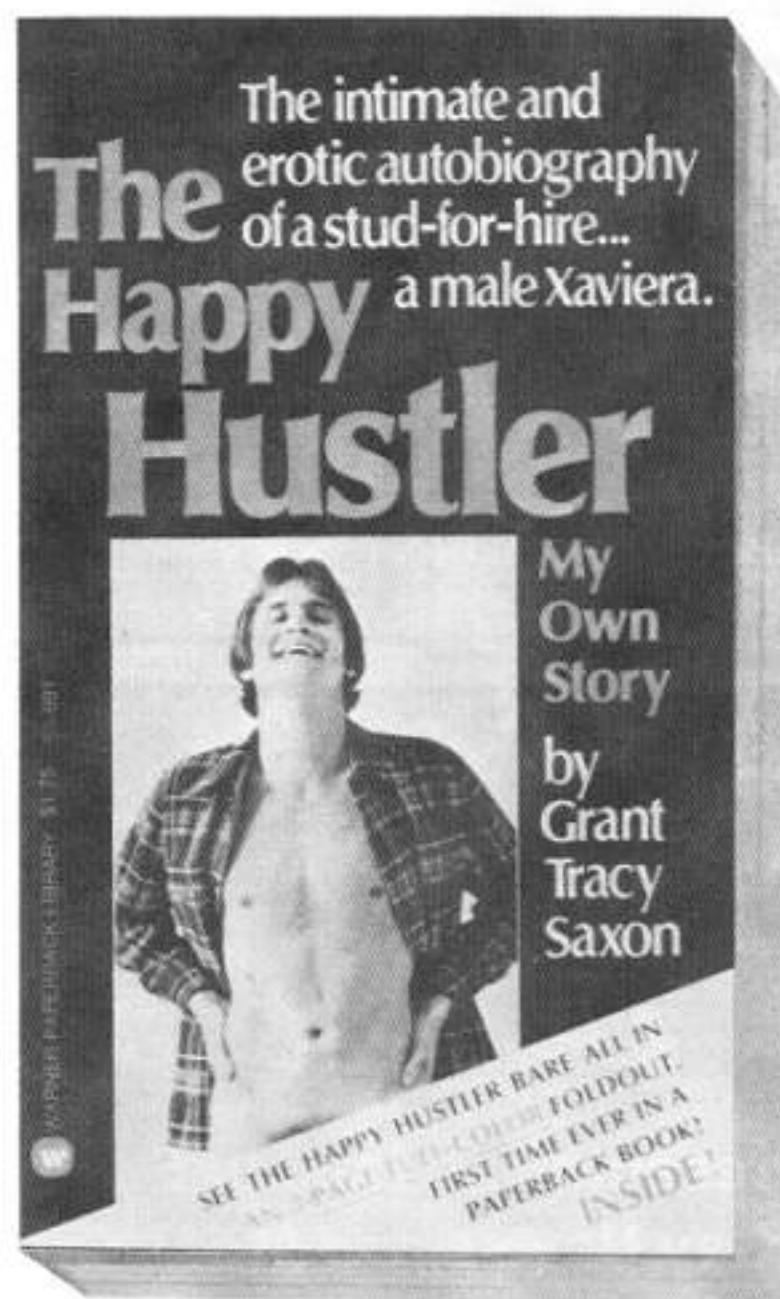
Needless to say, "The Marriage Trough" will not be playing Grauman's Chinese in the foreseeable future, but it is available for screenings in your more esoteric art houses, where it may turn up some Friday at midnight. Approach at your own risk.



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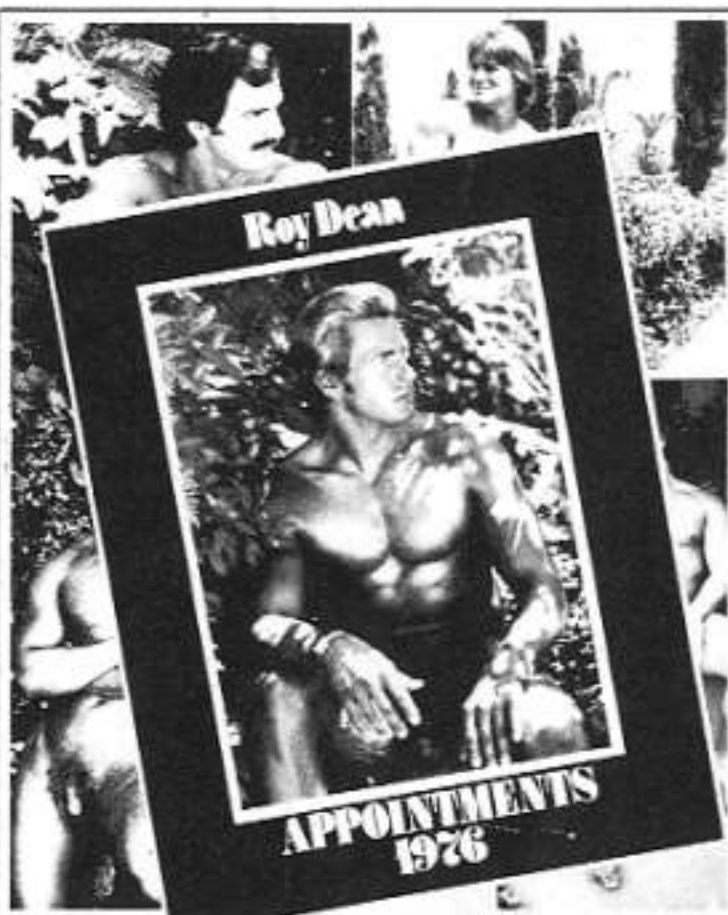
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GUEST FORUM (Continued From Page 11)

to trust the Task Force to know what they are doing. It is very reminiscent of the strong blast McGovern got from the gays and sent thousands of gay votes to NIXON. That sort of stupidity all of us can well do without.

I don't have the time or the space to take you to task point by point, show by show. However, there is one final thing I cannot let pass. The inane objections you have to Rip Taylor, Milton Berle and Paul Lynde. You are objecting to a style of comedy that you don't like. Fine. Only you CANNOT call it anti-gay, smile and smugly do away with the people you find personally offensive. That is censorship of the worst and most useless kind and I for one won't stand for it! Nothing in any of these men's acts even faintly resembles anti-gay feeling. Perhaps you just feel that we are not entitled to any fun, that our lives must read like some bad pulp from the Forties, all sorrow and striving, heads high. Booooooreinggg . . . ! I'll tell you one thing, if we aren't allowed to have any fun anymore then that's the best reason I can think of for going straight!

—HUGH HARRISON

NOEL COWARD (Continued From Page 32)

clairvoyant."

"Really, Carlotta, I don't care to discuss false teeth during dinner."

"But that's when they must be reckoned with!"

"Spike Frost, the agent, handles a lot of the big stars."

"That sounds vaguely pornographic."

"I suppose Ciro's isn't there anymore."

"Lots of things aren't there anymore."

But, for my money, the line that must be one of the most shattering ever heard from a stage is:

"There is no use in lending money to the morally defeated. They only spend it on further defeat."

Joel Parks, all of 29 years of age, comes in and out as Felix, the waiter, in both plays. He is very easy on the eyes and he serves up a very stylish dinner that runs the gamut from caviar to pink champagne. He does it with such elan I immediately went backstage to offer him a job at the Brown Derby.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

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polish and pizzazz. Concocted by four virtuoso singers, the show moves like a cyclone and the first half breezes by so fast you are left longing for more. An hour later your wishes are granted as the nightcap (all Coward) moves into high gear and proves to be even better than the sparkling "Oh Coward!" hit of a few seasons back.

Heading the cast is Kathleen Freeman, no stranger to patrons of Jerry Lewis movies, and a veteran of the recent TV series, "Lotsa Luck" (which needed more as it was cancelled after the first batch of episodes). In it Kathleen appeared as Dom de Louise's frowzy mother who always seemed to be bending over a hot stove. Who would believe the glamorously-coiffed and gowned (bordering on the svelte) nightclub sensation she turns out to be here is one and the same? A truly spectacular metamorphosis has taken place and Kathleen has conquered a most difficult and demanding medium.

Her brilliance has spread to all her cohorts. I first encountered Jomarie Ward at the Mayfair Music Hall in Santa Monica and she made no impression on me. Her material was largely blah and nothing seemed to be jelling for her there. At the Daisy, she is never less than lustrous and her coloratura voice (Oh My!) is stunning. Any singer who can impersonate Jeannette MacDonald for me and get away with it has got to be marvelous. In this instance, she is gorgeous to behold and heaven to listen to.

Thom Phillips is no stranger to IN TOUCH readers, having appeared in the Charles Pierce Show (co-produced by Don Sheffey and Stephen Papich) in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion last year. His material needed fixing then but here, everything he tackles, works. He is extraordinarily good-looking with a Pepsodent smile and a memory for particularly difficult lyrics that is apparently inexhaustible. He is superb.

So is Mark Vance, an athlete from Carmel, who possesses a rich, ringing baritone that is persuasive, true and frequently inspiring. The quartette, under the tasteful aegis of Don Sheffey, leaves nothing to be desired and they serve up an evening of beguiling enchantment that is

(Please Turn To Page 82)

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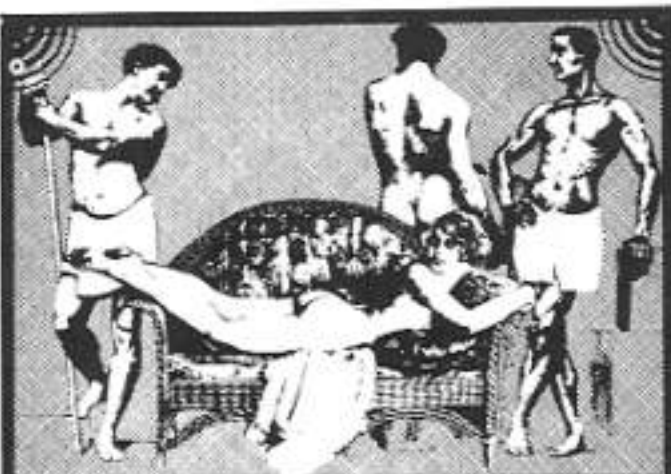
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FOUR ON THE FLOOR (Continued From Page 81)

Big-Time Broadway fare. Only once does it blur and that is when Mr. Sheffey leaves the piano and joins the boys for a stab at "Three Juvenile Delinquents" from "The Ace of Clubs," one of Coward's worst flops, and a prime example of why that show failed. The audience knows Mr. Sheffey is far too urbane to be a believable delinquent and the same goes for Mark and Thom. They are not the stuff from which Teddy Boys are made either. The show has a nice length as it is and certainly doesn't need this fall from grace. But enough. You must go and see "Four on the Floor" post-haste for it is rhapsodically enjoyable.

ANDRE DeSHIELDS (Continued From Page 29)

is to musical comedy what Sidney Poitier was to the movies. Ben Vereen is to musical comedy what I am to the live stage. Cause he's good! The man is hot. But he wants it slick."

Doesn't he think that those people are oppressive and reactionary and fighting all the things he thinks would make the theater a free and exciting place to work?

"Sure, but the battle is to keep alleviating people's fears. By being a monster, actually, is what it is. As far out as people think I am, they all love the way I treat Dorothy in 'The Wiz.' So cold. So evil. So inflexible. A lot of what I do is spontaneous. Especially in my act. Whatever happens, I use. I'm into opulence. It's like when Ken Harper passes up a beautiful opportunity to publicize his show and doesn't use Rex Reed's quote. He called 'The Wiz' 'a musical for drug addicts.' Now, he objects to my performance because it's effeminate! And nobody really cares. Doesn't he know that? Now I would have used that quote of his! I said 'you should blow this up and put it in the lobby!' What he couldn't deal with is that the show will take you to Mars. And they take all that stupid bullshit and put it up there on the stage. Really! Telling me that it's a show about a black girl in Kansas! I said, 'Sorry — bored already.' No one is interested in a black girl in Kansas. This story is about a black girl in Oz. When this bitch leaves she goes to Mars. Because that's where we're always trying to go. The bat-



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the cry of this planet has always been let's go to Mars and I am telling them 'The Martians have landed and I am one of them.' They're freaked out because I look too familiar so they don't believe it. You cannot deny the magic, dear. You cannot deny the magic of Ben Vereen, of Sammy Davis, of Omar Sharif, although I'd like to deny the magic of Omar Sharif. But magic can't be denied."

Obviously the magic can't be denied in Andre DeShields case. They can't stop him.

"At auditions, they kept reminding me that nobody in the play was gay. I guess they were telling me to put on my butch act. Well, I just did the very best I could and I don't know if they know it but I did a six minute audition song and they never stopped me once. And then tell me that none of the characters are gay? It says up there — Andre DeShields is the Wiz, not Muhammed Ali is the Wiz and this is who I am. If they don't like it they don't have to come, but that's where I'll fight it! But don't tell me something is too gay. They never know what they mean when they say something is too gay. What they are saying is 'I can't deal with the feminine mystique in me. I mean, they don't even articulate it that well. So fuck 'em. I'm gonna talk to the woman in you too and the man in you and the creature in you and turn all of you on, thank you!'"

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KEVIN JAMES (Continued From Page 59)

ty Allen with Kevin James.' No, it was not a partnership. It was an 'association.' We didn't split the money and we didn't split the billing. I was a hired employee, paid by Marty. We broke up last summer. He wanted to do a single, and so did I. And I arrived in Los Angeles last October, and since then I've signed with two agencies, one for TV and films, and the other for modeling."

You can tell he's ready for whatever. The energy level had been at a peak for well over an hour, all mountaintops, no valleys. A kid who has been on the road since he was 18, nearly five years, yet not a hint of hardness nor

(Please Turn To Page 86)

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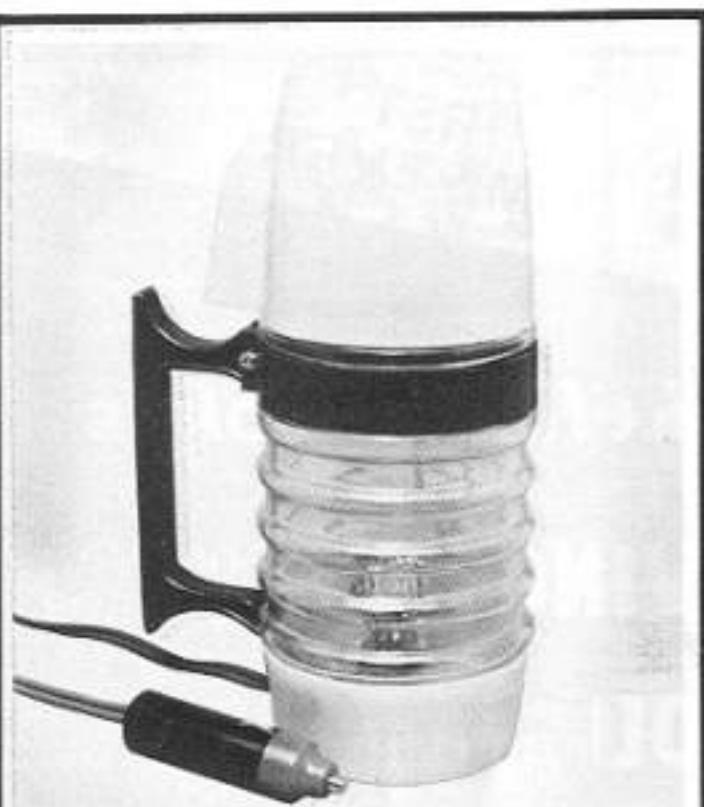
he got a scholarship to University of Santa Clara and majored in economics. He began modeling in San Francisco during this time almost by accident. It was actually started on a dare from a friend, who also modeled. The thing that really cinched his decision was . . . the money! He attracted a lot of attention and, when an ad executive there suggested that he go to Hollywood, the then "Skip" Burton decided instantly.

He graduated on the morning of June 15th and that very night was in Hollywood, driving a black Ford convertible, where he knew "not one soul." Luck was on his side and, by making all the rounds and not just listening to, but following every bit of advice given him, linked up with the active, well-respected Melrose Theater. He soon joined the acting classes of Estelle Harmon, who has taught such stars as Rock Hudson and many other Universal contract players. She took him under her wing and pushed him to achieve. That, too, paid off very well. Within

a year he snagged a starring role on "The Bill Cosby Show" and went straight to a guest spot on "The Courtship Of Eddie's Father." He was really on his way!

Unfortunately, so was the messy war in Viet Nam. He was called to active duty in the Air National Guard. Most other actors in such situations would have more than likely chucked it all right then. Not Robert. He did his time, kept active and, by a quirk of fate that stationed him here in California, kept working at night with the Melrose group. Finally, that Air Force time ended and he was back to continue his career. That was when the hard lesson was learned.

In spite of all the staying aware and alert, Robert found that casting directors had very short memories. His roles were done too long ago to "be important" in their eyes. Add to that a very bad management contract . . . a manager concentrating on "fresher" talent . . . and again we have a situation most other young performers would have run screaming from . . . not Robert Burton. With decided determination, he gritted his teeth, made the rounds again, found



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another manager and soon was signed to do the lead on "Lassie."

As the young student who cares for Lassie in the last two years of that long running TV series, Robert set a mold for himself that he is trying to this day to break. It was during the run of that television show that he did "The House Of Blue Leaves." He had originally read for a part he was perfectly suited for, but because of that image he seemed to be stuck with — the young "golly-gee" student — he was given the younger part. That started the decline and fall of our little boy, Skip.

It is considered suicidal for an actor to change his image in the middle of a going career. To be sure it has helped a few but has damaged far more. Robert chose to go that hard road with care. He turned down bigger parts, tagged on the "kid" image, to concentrate on the smaller, juicier roles like the one he did in "Crime Club" on CBS. As a lobbyist who worked for a evil senator, he was like a "villian turned hero, a big step from the good boy I had been doing." That attracted the attention of Dan Curtis, and he was cast in the famous

"Trilogy In Terror," an ABC Movie Of The Week. That was the real turning point in his career.

It was also during this time he met and married Karen Black. It at first seemed like an ideal marriage but the strain was too much for both and it ended in divorce. Robert's eyes still cloud when he talks about it . . . the only signs of moody thoughtfulness that crossed those bright blue eyes all day. Finally, with a small, tight smile, he tells me that now, at least, the pain is gone and he wishes her only well. I told him that I had heard from a mutual friend in the industry that his professional relationship with her was like the story of the bear that bent too far over backwards and fell on his ass. This brought a roar of laughter and he agreed. He went so far out of his way **not** to use the association, not to be known as Mr. Karen Black, that it did hurt him.

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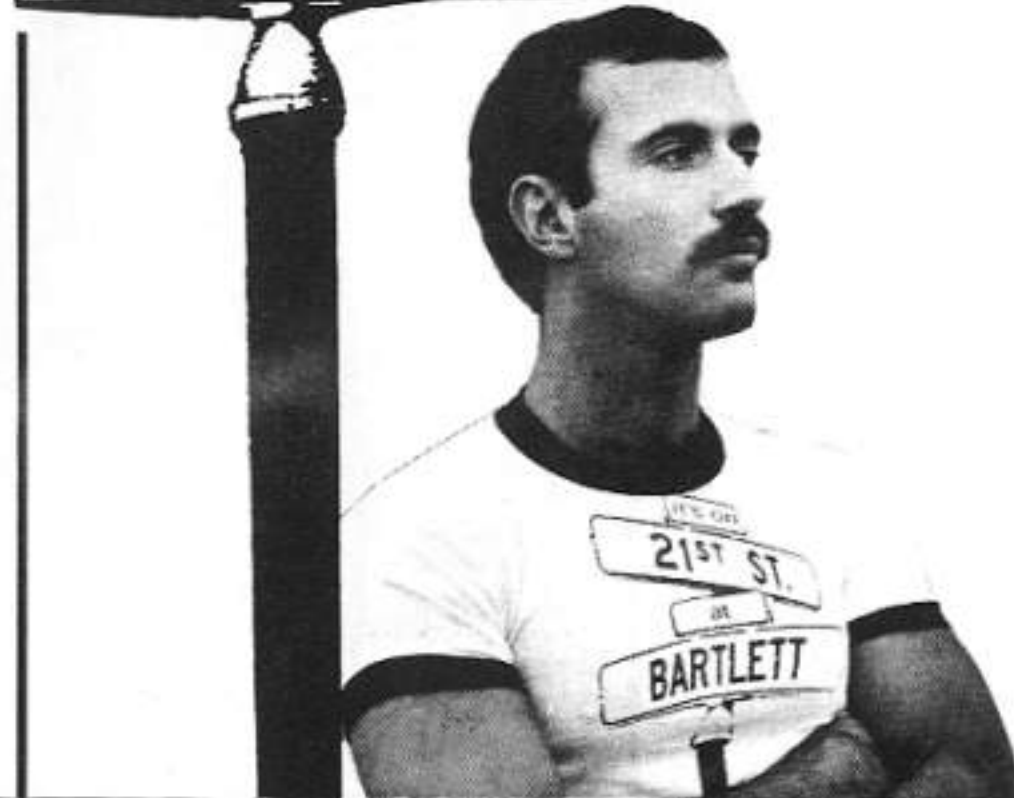


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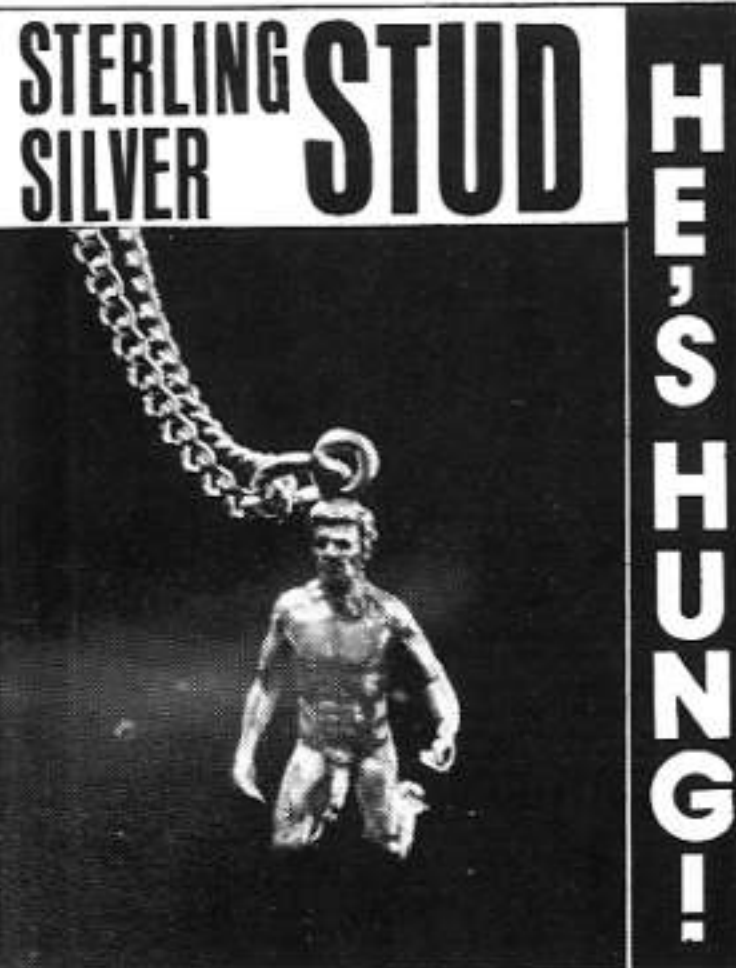
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KEVIN JAMES (Continued From Page 83)

cynicism. He looks like he's fresh from a farm. What does he do to be so alive all the time? "I'm not alive all the time. I'm really not. I have my moments, too. But the idea is I don't let it bother me that much. I just say to myself, 'You know, Kevin, people have gone through worse things than you've gone through, and people have done nothing compared with what you've done, and people don't have half the experience that you've had, so there's no reason to feel this depressed'."

Asked "What hurts you?" he pulls up short, energy intensified, and repeats the question, once, twice, ruminatively, then: "Basically what hurts me is when I don't get back what I give. When I don't get 'reimbursed' for my caring. I mean emotionally. When I care for somebody, I'll do anything for that person. And many times I've gotten really ripped off. In California there's a lot of people getting ripped off. They say New York is crime-ridden, but it's in a different way. New York is a much easier place to live because you know where it's at. You know what you're dealing with. When you come out to California you've gotta watch yourself. Because people play on your emotions out here. It's just incredible. You're led on a lot by a lot of people. I have been. And I've been kicked in the ass a couple of times. You get emotionally hung up on somebody because you're led to believe that it's mutual. Then you find out later it's not, that because you're 'blond and gorgeous' was the entire reason for the relationship.

"It's not easy being blond and gorgeous. It's just not. It's just not all it's cracked up to be. There is a problem there. When you're in that situation, it's hard to deal with people on a regular basis, on a regular level, because they're constantly lookin' to get in your pants, as opposed to getting to know you as an individual. I'm positive of this. No, I'm not projecting. Because there've been many instances where I've really liked somebody a lot and really wanted to get to know them as a marvelous, wonderful, intelligent human being. But once it was established that I wouldn't hit the sack, I never saw them again. And that's kind of sad.



"You're constantly being categorized as 'the blond number' as opposed to 'the blond individual.' After a while, being 'the blond number' gets to be a bore, unless maybe you're a professional hustler." He pauses for a very long time, and you wait impatiently, wait to see where, unbroken, this train of thought will lead. Then, willing the desperation from his eyes: "Although I'd rather look the way I do than any way else!" And you can't help joining in with his easy laughter, almost in relief. "I mean I'm not knocking it. It's just that it has its problems, like any other thing."

The interview didn't end there, but it may just as well have. This gorgeous blond bundle of talent and energy, this too-much-too-soon boy-of-the-spotlight, this vulnerable and gutsy kid, had done my work for me, had even provided the title for the story. Another example of giving.

COMMENTS (Continued From Page 9)

men, can be annoyingly persistent in cruising persons who don't wish to be cruised. But when a woman complains about a masher, police are prone to suggest that she must have encouraged his advance. Ought they not suggest the same when a man says he was cruised in a tearoom? I doubt that many men get clear passes made at them without having done at least a little to encourage it. There are exceptions, but even in the wildest tearoom, it generally takes some response to get a flirtation going.

Whatever some of us may wish, I doubt that tearoom cruising is likely to be abolished, at least until scientists can plant an automatic waste-disposal unit inside every man's pants. Long before then, society should arrive at more matter-of-fact attitudes toward sex generally.

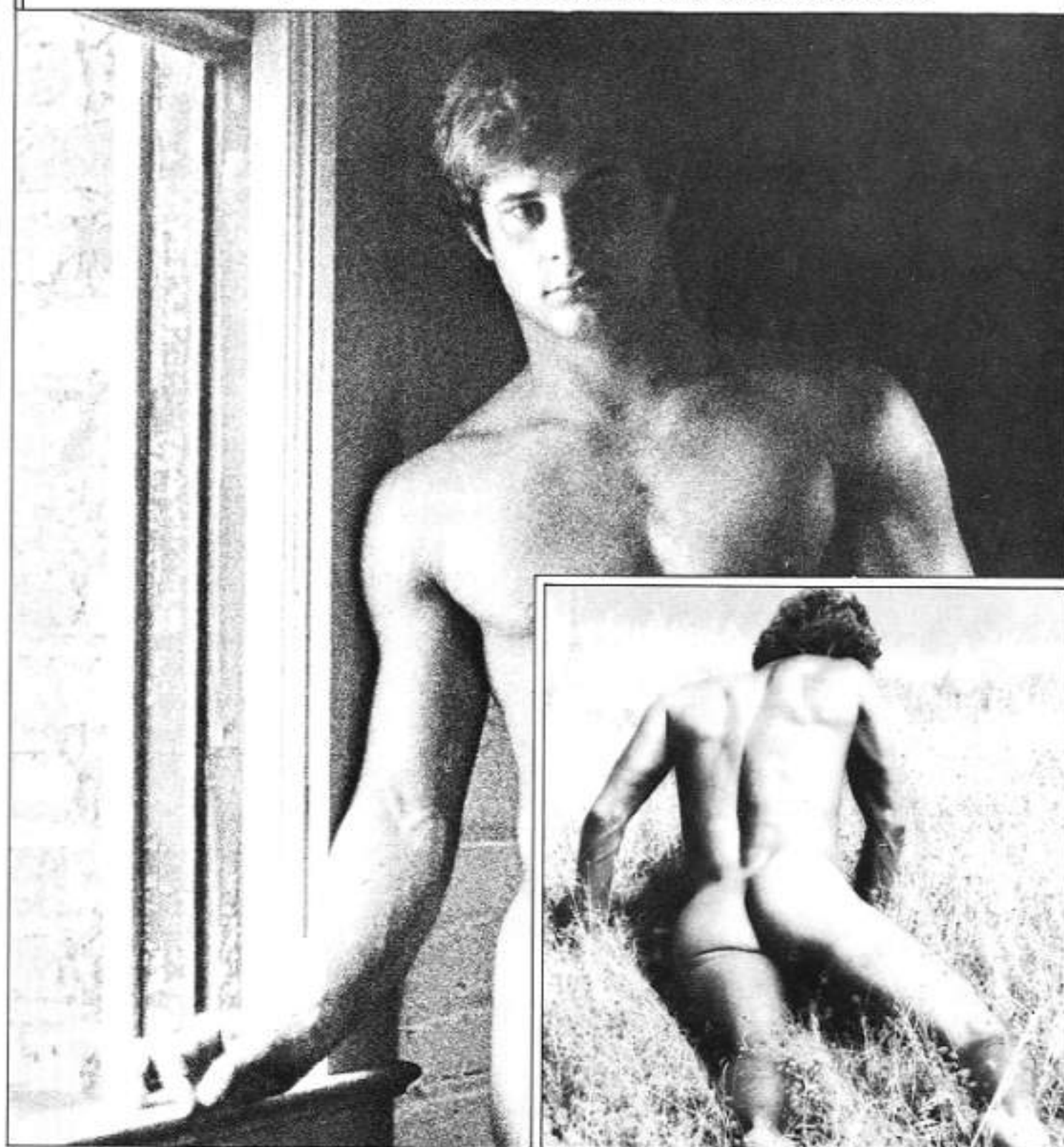
Meanwhile, if society wishes to protect the "innocent" from witnessing so-called offensive behavior, it might be worthwhile to try a variation of the packaging practice now forced on mail-order porno merchants — posting a notice outside certain public johns that persons who are likely to be offended should relieve themselves at another facility nearby.

—JIM KEPNER

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business we can only guess at. A man in butler's uniform buys a newspaper as the newsboy yells "beer up to two pennies a pint, hard blow to the working man". A brief song from a street woman and the lights come up to reveal a plush home of two stories.

The butler, we are already suspicious, he may have done it, you know, is seen to be a somewhat coarse man as he rifles through the newspaper looking desperately for something and then jumps, caught in the act by the mistress of the house who seems to be spying on him. This is the tone of the show. Within the first scene Sherlock Holmes has not only been introduced into the action, he has also unmasked three crooks, saved a damsel in distress, and discovered from her the location of a packet of highly sought letters injurious to the crown.

In the second scene the plot takes a more sinister turn as we meet Professor Moriarty, Holmes' arch-enemy, and see that the plot is actually to be a confrontation between good and evil on a grand scale. So it

goes, high purpose, suspense, and comedy to the end. And, of course, we all know who "wins" — he has to in order to come back for the next case, but it is important to note that both Holmes and Moriarty have a deep sense of gentlemanliness about how they play the game.

John Neville is Sherlock Holmes. And with all due respect to Mr. Rathbone, he plays it beautifully. He is crisp, cool, unfailing in his logic, yet still unconvinced that he is perfect. He is a romantic heart encased in the steel of purpose, allowing nothing to seduce him from his aims, untouchable, or so he hopes us to believe. This is always the problem with Holmes — where to put his heart, a necessity without which he is merely a cognizant librarian, a statistician, a factualist. Mr. Neville, if you will pardon the expression, has put it in the right place. His Holmes is the supreme idealist, never forgetting that he too is only human, only mortal. His character has a depth of feeling which only an eye trained, like Holmes himself, in detection, can see. Which, of course, in-

troduces the love interest into the play, for it is a woman, the damsel in distress, who sees this quality and loves him for it. This part, Alice Faulkner, is played with loving care by Lynne Lipton.

Professor Moriarty, that dastard of dastards, that univac of crime, who is a criminal not for the profit but for the mental exercise and the fun of it, is portrayed by Clive Revill, who has been away from the New York stage far too long. He is simply wonderful. His Moriarty is that supreme eccentric intelligence whom we would all love knowing and having into our homes, but with whom we would never dare cross swords. He is uncompromising and unpredictable. With a flair for his own eccentricity and a deep appreciation of his own sense of humor. Mr. Revill gives his cunning great color and humanity, for Moriarty, too, is aware that he also is not perfect (though he thinks himself closer to perfection than Holmes . . .). And an audience always enjoys seeing a character with this "sense of humanity" really enjoy his work as Moriarty does, no matter what that work may be.

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A word, it should be many, must be said about the scenery and costumes by Carl Toms and the lighting by Neil Peter Jampolis. The play would simply not exist without them. They have created London on stage with great dash and minute detail so as to create a feast for the eye to behold.

And, as always, the greatest compliment you can pay a director, in this case Frank Dunlop, is to say that his hand and eye were evident throughout, but did not show.

—JEREMY STOCKWELL

ROBERT REISER (Continued From Page 61)

is doing what he really enjoys."

ON PREDESTINATION: "I have a good, intuitive feeling that something, somewhere in the future will make me monetarily successful. But not if I just sit back and wait for it to happen. I have to be productive and make a direction for myself, and in the end I will succeed."

ON WISDOM: "In the Bible, Solomon was to receive a gift from God, and he asked for wisdom. That showed he already had it — it is a

wise gift to wish for. I want to become wise through awareness. I try to learn from experience — to use it and keep it."

ON NATURE: "When I think about it, nature is probably my all-time great love, because man cannot control it . . . although he does try, doesn't he?"

ON REINCARNATION: "I think that we have lived before in our fathers, and in their fathers, back through the generations. I think that we are a part of what they were, and of what our children will

(Please Turn To Page 91)

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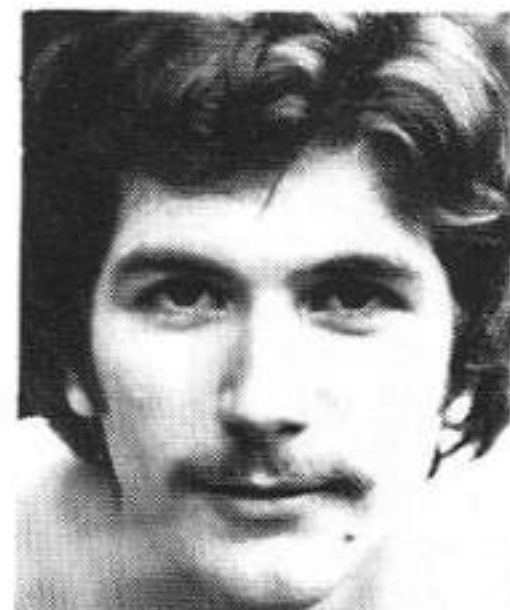


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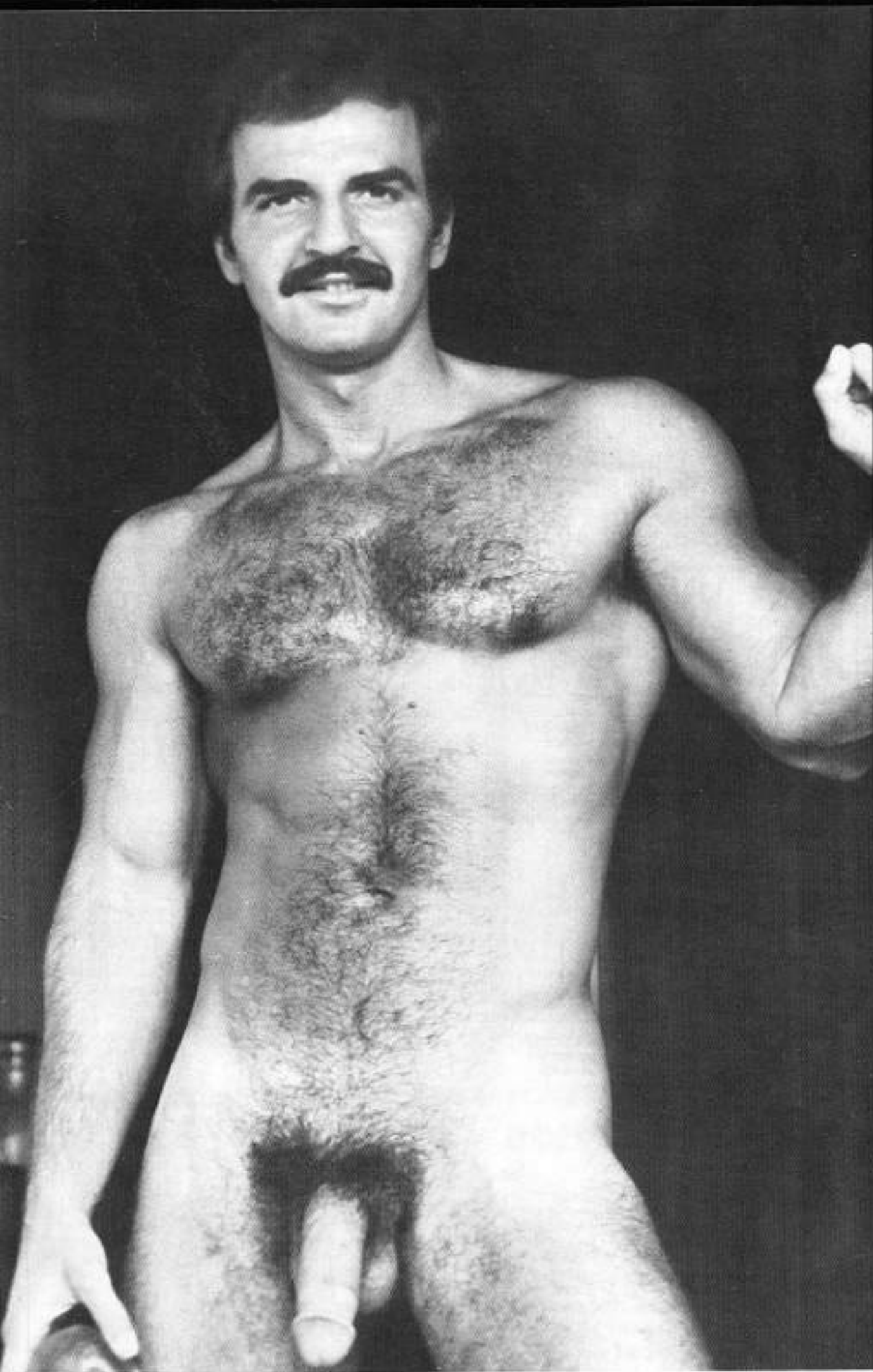
The 100 foot color super 8mm movie is titled "MUSCLE STUD TURNING ON." David walks into a friend's apartment. His friend isn't home, but he forgot to lock his door. David examines his magazine collection and starts turning on. He goes through his finest posing routine as you watch him, in the nude, off a large wall mirror. He then performs "in your bed," to his and your complete satisfaction. This film is yours for only \$20.00, postpaid, first class. Both films are available for only \$60.00. Please state you are over 21, and are using these films for your private entertainment only, and will not sell to or let minors view these films, under any circumstances:

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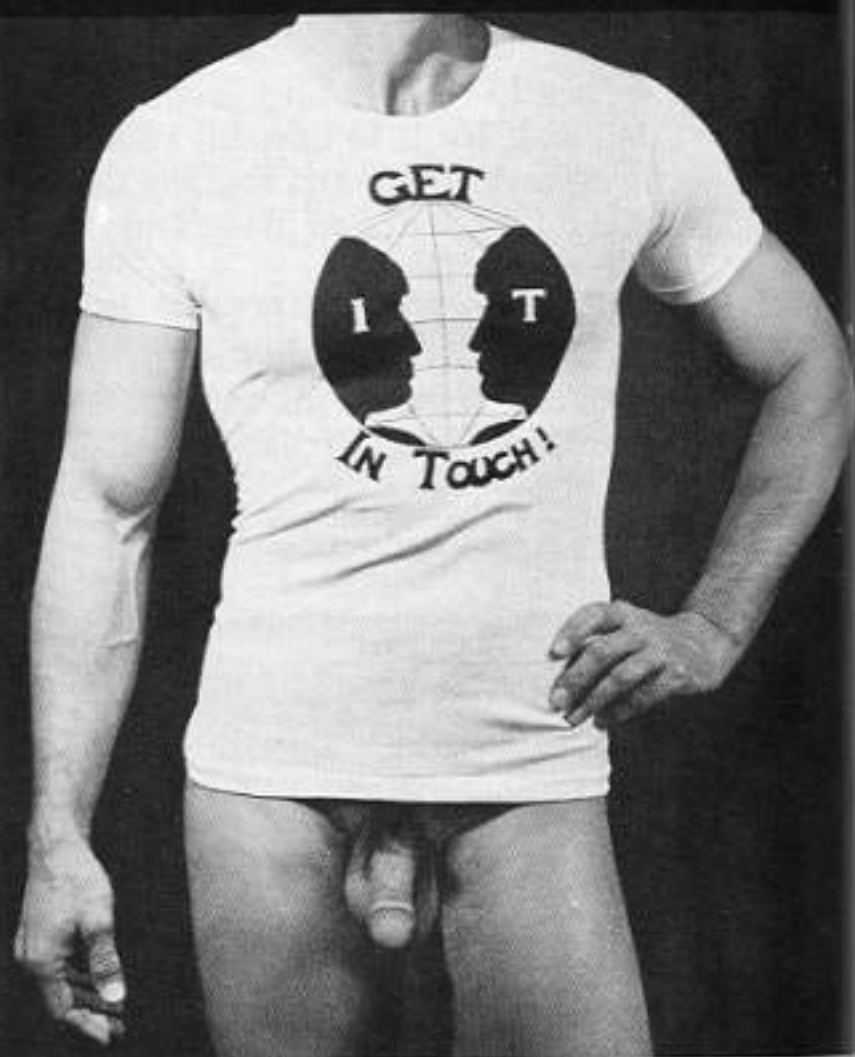


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become. We inherit physical characteristics, so why not ethereal or mental characteristics, also? But I will not be reincarnated if I do not have any children of my own to carry on the essence that is me."

ON NUDITY: "Being nude doesn't bother me in the least, but I do think I have to use some discretion so that the people who can give me more work won't feel that I'm exploiting myself."

ON CREATIVITY: "When people ask me what I do, I don't say I'm an actor. I say I'm involved in the arts. I'm a creative person. It's not necessarily something that I want to do, or that I set out to do. I have no control over it. It's just something that comes out of me. Of course, sometimes I go through non-creative periods, when it builds up inside of me, but then eventually it will have built up to a point where I just have to spit it out. And I spit it out in acting, in writing, in art, or in 'business art' — wherever it seems right for me to express myself at the given interval in my life."

ON HIMSELF AS AN ACTOR: "I honestly believe that I am one of the three best young actors in America today. I recently learned that one of New York's top casting directors, during his entire fifteen-year career in casting, has put an A on the cards of only two actors in his files. The other one was Al Pacino."

ON SEX: "The biggest burden society has put on mankind is guilt over our sexuality. Sex is a very natural, very healthy need that should be fulfilled. And it's also one of the most fun things I know of!"

This, then, will give you some idea of the diversity of my conversations with Bob Reiser. He's a bright, witty, and disarming interview, and a challenging but rewarding guy to know.

As we finished one of our several lunchtime conferences, I shut off my tape recorder and immediately turned the back of my mind to worrying about how I would ever be able to capture the range and eccentricity of Bob's thought patterns on paper.

Reading my thoughts, he gave me a big grin. "You think I'm a nut, don't you?" he laughed.

Well . . . maybe. But I'd like to see a few more nuts around like Robert Reiser!

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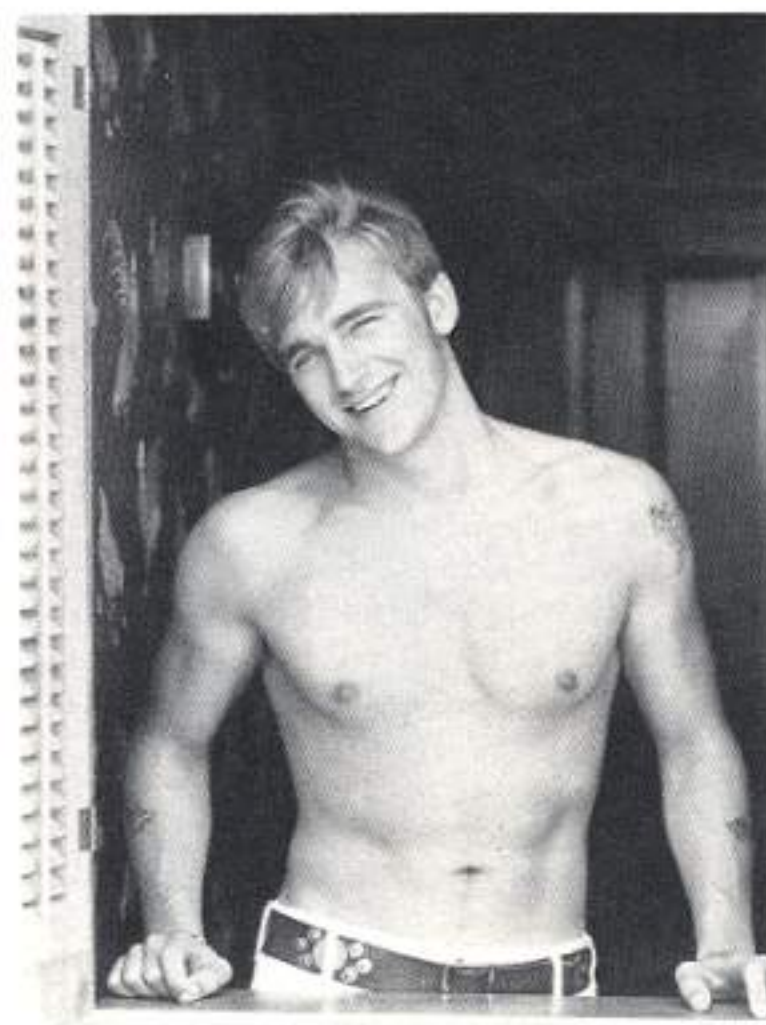
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# FRANK BRUBAKER

## HOME FROM SEA

Photography by Hy Chase



**F**rank Brubaker. Four years in the Marines wasn't enough for him, so he joined the Navy for two more. And he's got the tattoos to prove it.

He's got the kind of rugged body that comes naturally from horseback riding, swimming and water skiing. Of course his hitch in the service didn't hurt any. At 26, he is in perfect form, thank you.

His real passion, other than wearing some pretty fine threads, is his car. He no sooner got ahold of a tough '68 Cougar, than he turned it into a hot rod. For tooling around, natch. He also builds scale models for a hobby.

If he sounds like your hot-rodder-next-door from Elvis Presley days, it's no illusion. In a lot of ways he could have stepped right out of Elvis' generation. But he's not old enough. Still, his favorite sounds are those smack out of the '50s and '60s.

Could he be the perfect choice should Hollywood make another "American Graffiti." Where was he when they were casting "Aloha, Bobby And Rose"? Probably too busy studying theatrical arts in Glendale, California on the G.I. Bill. When the next casting call comes around, he'll be there.

He knows what he wants and where he is going, and he'll probably get there because Aries are pretty much in control of their own destiny. Strong-willed, powerful, and proud as a peacock. It all fits like a glove. Same way his Navy blues hug.

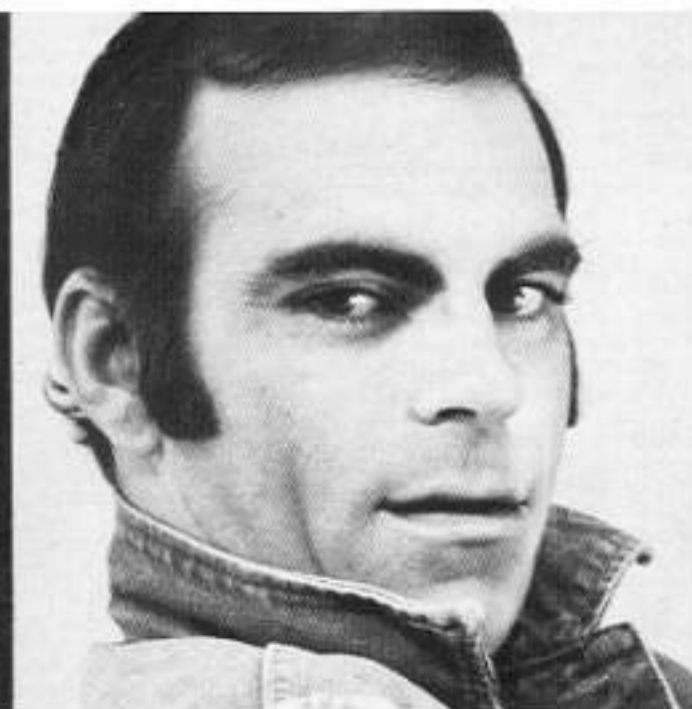
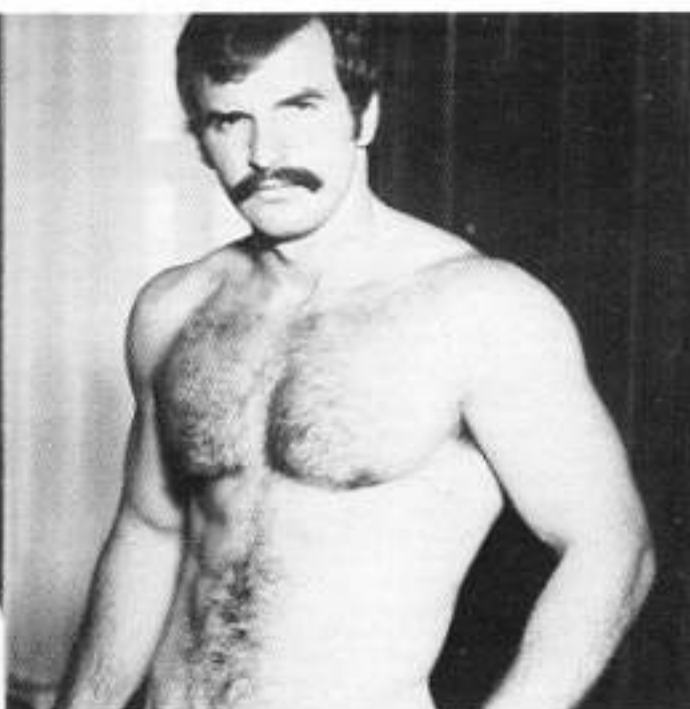
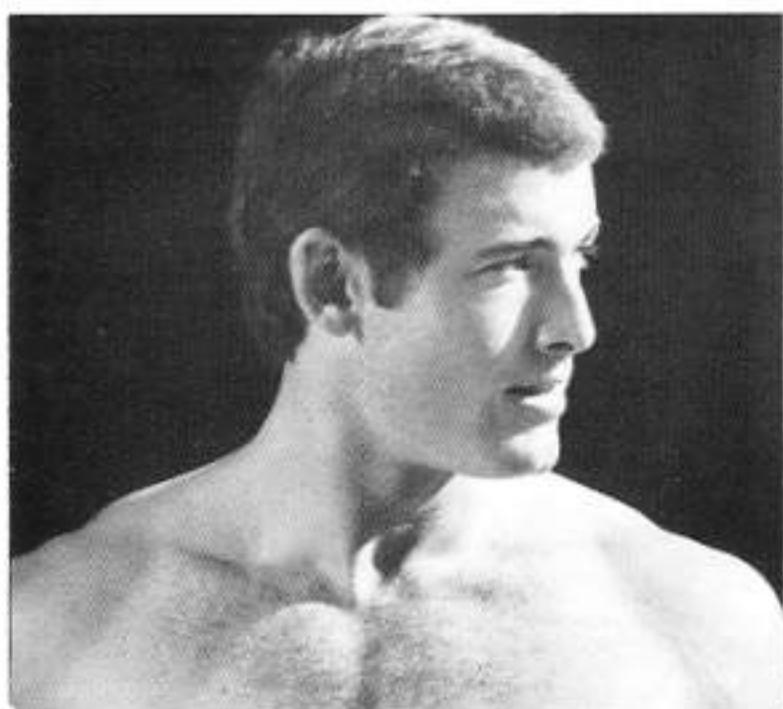
He is nobody's man but his own. He's a loner. When he wants to think he gets in his hot rod and takes long drives in the desert. Which is just about as far away from the sea as you're going to get. The spaces are wide open and so are his options.

JOHN ROBERTS









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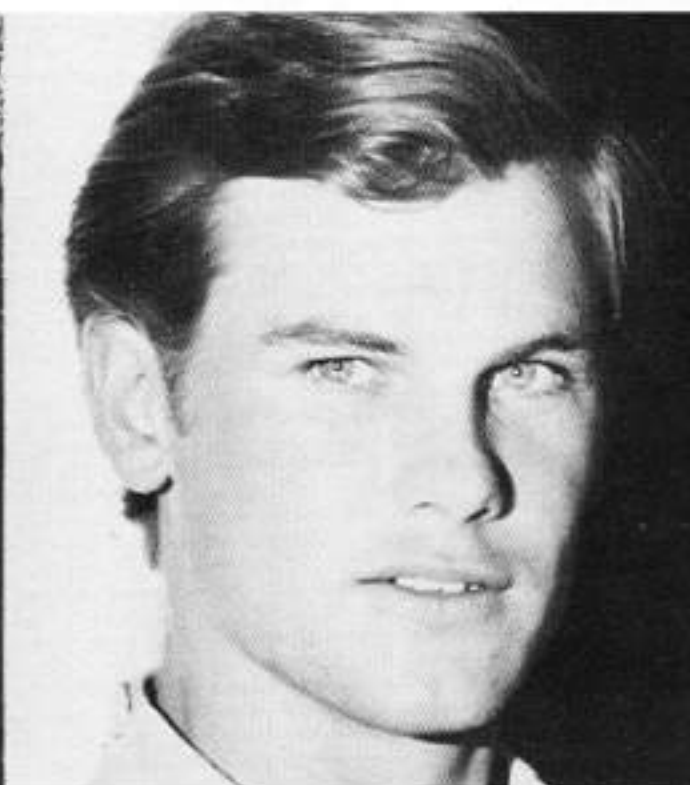
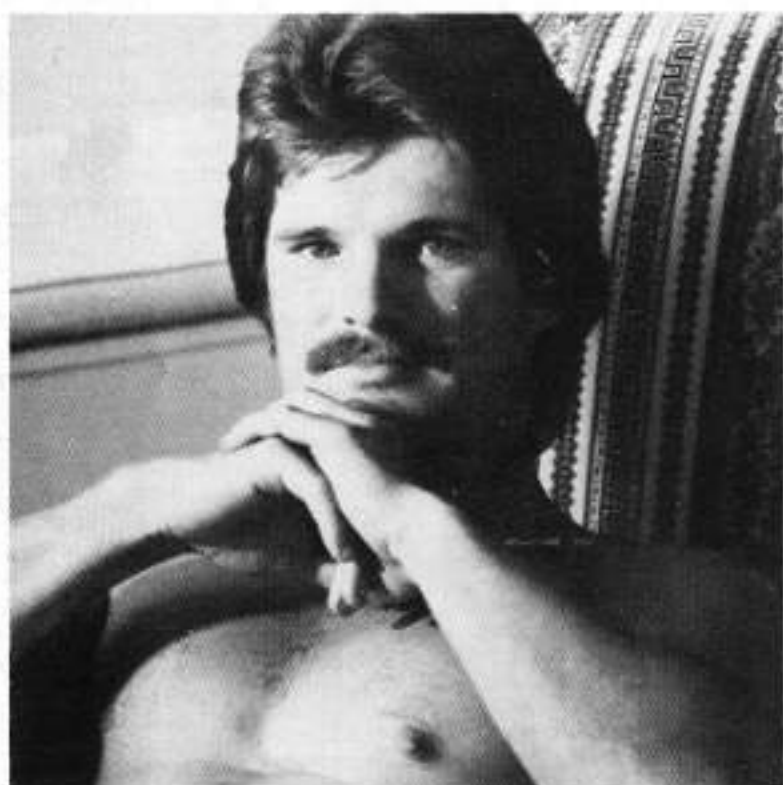
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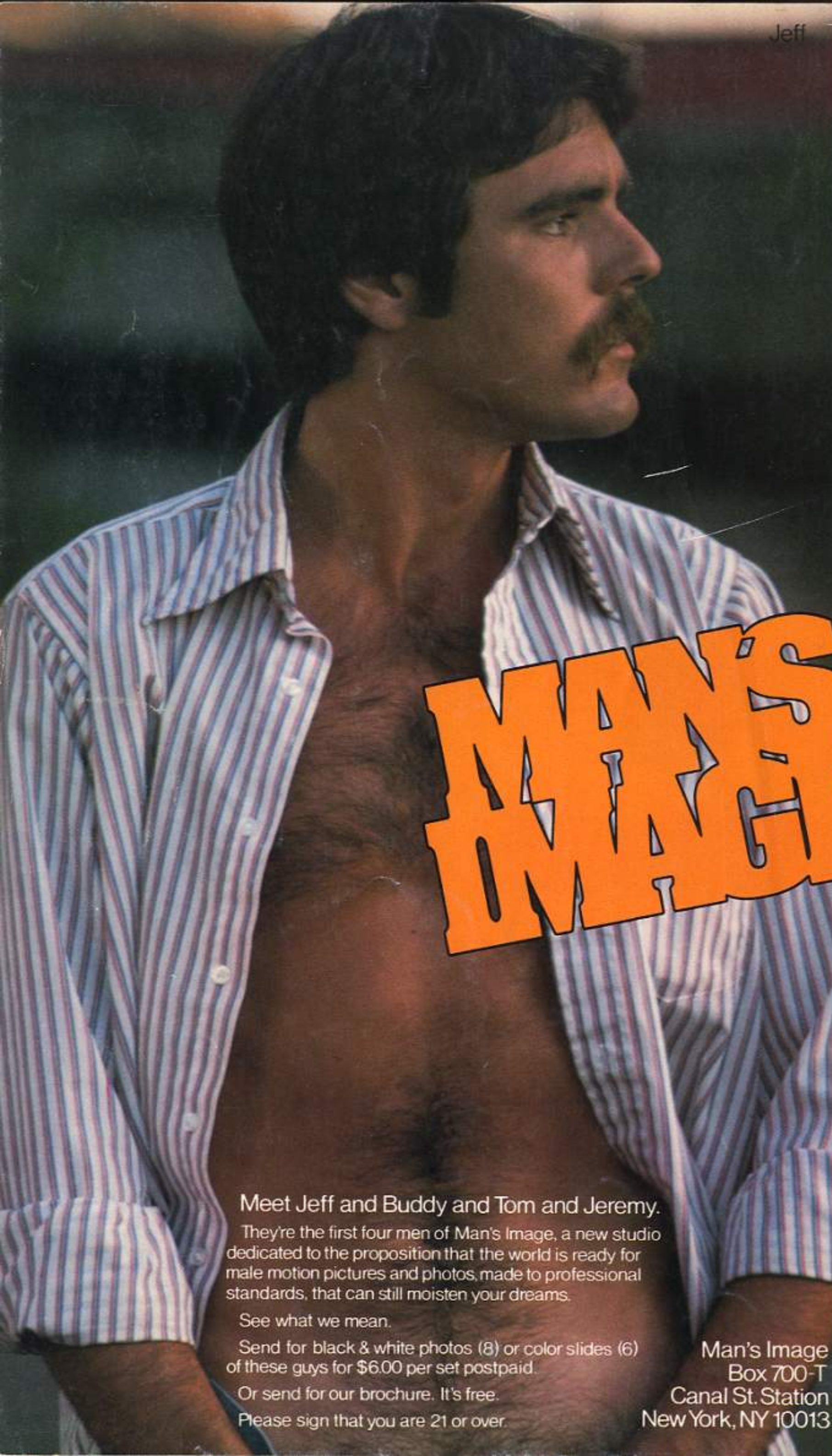
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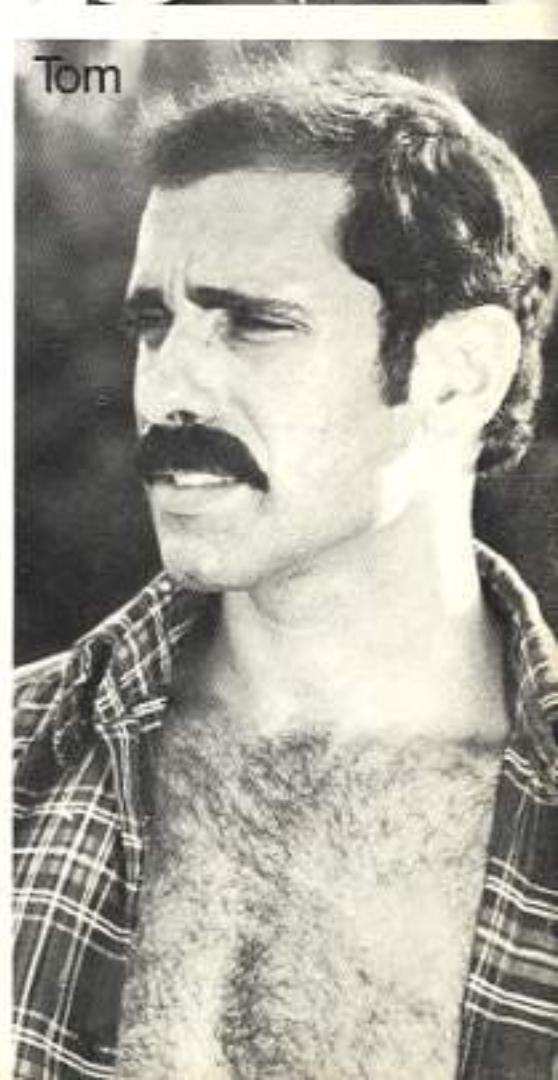
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